Elsa S. Barghoorn

Journal

June 8 to Dec 9, 1935

To 1941 + Pearl Harbor

Saturday June 8, 1935

I arrived in Detroit about 6 P.M. Took trolley car down from end of line in Lincoln Park.

I was forced to resort to the police department before I could locate the Detroiter as my instructions read foot of Park street instead of foot of Clark street. Anyway I finally found the ship and got aboard of her. There was only one man aboard, the skipper ashore. I soon found out about the boat. She has been tied up here for repairs several weeks. There are only 4 men on including the skipper now.

Fixed up for the night in the oilers room aft

From the port hole here on the starboard side, where our room is located, there is an excellent view of Detroits skyline limned on the night sky below Ambassador bridge. Boats are passing up and down the river, their lights gleaming across the dark water. Bed linen pretty clean and bunks quite comfortable. Got to bed about one A.M.

Sunday June 9, 1935

Got up about nine this A.M. and had breakfast in the galley. Cook seems O.K. Real square

(Norwegian)
head and speaks with a strong accent. Skipper spoke to me a little concerning my job. Decks hand and he's to go by instructions concerning my policy. Went up on decks after breakfast and watched loading automobiles on one of these huge lake boats, the Willsmson. Cars are driven over the decks and parked, with blocks, right on the hatches. This particular boat took on about 110 cars as a deck load.

Had dinner in the saloon with the skipper and the other two men. Food good and well prepared. Had whole half chicken, soup, potatoes peas, custard and coffee.

Went up on decks with Mac, the decks hand staying on here. We talked or rather he talked for hours and hours, while I stretched out in the sun. This Mac is extremely talkative and very expansive on his own exploits

Walked into Detroit in the afternoon and got a Times. Its about two or three miles from here into Cadillac Square in the center of town

Street cars here are too slow. Detroit is big enough and certainly needs a good subway.

Later:

Sitting on the decks aft watching the river. Moderate westerly wind raising white caps on the river. Small cruisers and launches bouncing the waves here and there with their wake. Big ships moving up and down the

river bound for the upper or lower lake ports

It's peaceful and calm out here and the last rays of the setting sun turn the trees and grass on the canadian shore into a livid green

One can appreciate the vast shipping on these lakes by watching the ships pass up and down the Detroit river as all traffic between the upper and lower lakes goes by here. Ore for the furnaces of Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Cleveland Lorrain, Buffalo and the other industrial cities of the mid-west goes down the lakes while coal and merchandise goes up. One can see in this river one of the main arteries of an industrial nation with the blood of industry flowing in a slow but steady stream.

The weather has been chilly today and it is getting too cool for comfort up here so I'm going below. We have no lights tonight as George has gone ashore and there's no one to stand watch in the engine room.

Monday June 10, 1935

Recieved my initiation into the mystic rites of rust chipping today. Armed with a sledge and a chipping hammer I sallied forth to do battle with the ships side

In the contest you are on one side and the ship on the other, however in chipping the hull you are always on the ships side

Worked from 8 to 4:30 with one half hour out for lunch, but theres no sharp track of time kept.

Started on the port bow and working aft. We have a raft rigged alongside with two heaving lines to facilitate manoeuvering. Real arm-building exercise but healthy and plenty of sunshine.

Went ashore with George tonight

Tuesday June 11, 1935

Chipped rust all day. Rather chilly in the early A.M but soon warmed up

We are working aft on the hull and the rust is flying fast. We're just chipping the part of the hull which is between the water line when the ship is light and when she's loaded.

Mack and I went ashore tonight. Took in a burlesque show on Lafayette street. Pretty punks, I thought.

Turned in about 12.

Wednesday June 11, 1935

My right wrist began to swell today from the unaccustomed strain on the joint. However it doesn't bother much yet. After swinging a ten pound sledge hammer all day your arm feels strangely light when theres nothing

in the hand.

One of the worst features of this present situation is that we have no water on the ship and have to haul from the docks about 200 yards away. We use two 10 gallon milk cans and a couple of five gallon cans each day.

Later - I am sitting in the galley writing this by the rapidly fading light of day which filters in the overhead skylight and port holes

The steward, skipper and Mack and George have all gone ashore tonight, separately of course. A telegram just came from the office in New York for the skipper.

Now I'm writing by candle light. Candle light writing is tiring and anyway there are the throaty bellowings of ships whistles burning me on decks so I'm going up. I like to watch the water front and the ships passing up and down, especially at night.

Thursday June 13, 1935

Chipped rust this A.M. The old man is going to make me night watchman for a week or so starting tonight so I knocked off at noon. He is leaving for New York early this A.M.

Had guests for dinner again. One of these is the marine superintendant of the Detroit Harbor Terminals. He is a huge man with a gigantic paunch. Can't sit straight to the table because the bolted swivel chairs don't allow him room enough. The skipper doesn't seem to like him - calls him a "god damned garbage pail", referring to his eating habits which are characterized by a terrific appetite.

Heard the Baer - Braddock fight tonight on the cooks radio. 5-1 odds on Baer but Braddock won the decision with ease.

On watch all night until 1:30. Reading at the galley table by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Wrote mother today.

Weather quite warm until a breeze set in from the river. There seems to be a lot of difference between the river breeze and the land. Threatened a thunder squall but did not rain.

Fresh north-east wind tonight and clear

Captain Lee left at 3:45 this A.M.

Friday June 14, 1935

It began to get light about a quarter to

four this morning.

I called the skipper at 3:45 this A.M., and turned in in my bunk at eight o'clock

Saturday June 15, 1935
Sunday June 16.

Standing watch at night completely disorganizes one's sense of time. I didn't sleep enough today so the night seems long and tiring. The cook and the other two went ashore after dinner and returned about three this morning.

I was weary of watching the oil lamps tonight so, I slept from three until 6 this morning, when I fixed up a breakfast and then went back to sleep. I got up at noon and had a good Sunday dinner consisting of a whole half chicken plus the vegetables etc to go with it.

Tonight I developed a roll of films but they came out somewhat fogged. The mess room serves poorly as a dark room. It is hard to darken a port hole set in the steel plates of a ship.

The Times I bought this afternoon keeps me amused.

I am setting in the galley writing. It is raining a steady drizzle with now and then an intermittent heavy shower. When it rains hard it makes a pleasant roar

on the steel deck plates overhead.

Monday June 17, 1935

A rainy wet day. I slept all morning, got up for dinner and went back to sleep.

I bought a roll of films later in the afternoon, and some stamps and a can of tobacco. this leaves me 9 cents left of my money.

I entered into a rediculous argument with the cook on evolution. I hereby swear never again to argue with someone who is bide bound by his religious beliefs.

Here are his chief points:

1. Special creation for each different type of animal accounts fully of the difference between living and extinct animals.

2. If man has been evolving for millions of years, or at least since he first appeared on the earth why is recorded history only 5 thousand years old, which period of time is just equivalent to that allowed by the biblical story of creation.

3. If new forms of life are produced by evolution why have we no record of new species in the time embraced by the written history of the world.

4. If new forms arise from extant forms why cant we speed up the process by artificial means or by breeding

5. A substantiation of the biblical story of the flood may be found in the myths of nearly all primitive peoples whose history or legends

almost always contains the story.

Well although neither I nor my opponent did any convincing he certainly presented me with some tough questions. And even if I did gain his animosity to a certain extent I at least gained some insight in his type of mind which is all too prevalent.

This man quotes from Huxley and gives facts out of Scientific American etc., but uses them to build up arguments and theories which the very article tries to discredit. A strange end for hard fought for and well earned scientific discoveries. This individual is a good example of considerable intelligence but no education or knowledge. His one sided store of knowledge is used to construct a flimsy structure of rationalistic philosophy based on orthodoxy and the accepted-by-faith principles in which he has been grounded.

Nevertheless all such arguments do is gain enemies for yourself.

Tuesday June 18, 1935

The Clevelander docked at the Harbor Terminals and loaded automobiles. Shes headed for Brooklyn and Baltimore.

Weather has been very disagreeable yesterday and today. Cold and rainy with strong north and north-east winds.

Wednesday June 19, 1935

4:15 A.M.

The short night is beginning to fade into dawn and I'll soon be able to turn out the lamps

Read almost the complete issue of May American tonight.

George and Mac were chipping rust today and unknown to them the blows of the sledge opened up the port fuel oil tank and 200 gallons of fuel oil ran down in the bilges. All but about 50 gallons was salvaged.

Strong S.W. wind today whipped up white caps on the river. Weather persists cold however. Showers off and on all day. Weather like April.

Read an interesting article on the rehabilitation of Key West in the May American. I would like to go back there and see how it has changed. The project is one of making the island a tourist resort.

Thursday June 20, 1935

Found out tonight in a discussion that neither Mac nor George had ever heard of an atoll, although both have rather widely traveled and George has been in the South Pacific.

~~Heard~~ a good story on the U.S. steamboat inspection. The skipper and mate of the Clove

lander knowing that the ship would not pass inspection got the inspectors stinking drunk and threw him head and heels on the dock - after getting his signature on the papers.

Cold and cloudy all day - warming up now - probably rain soon. No sun all week.

Friday June 21, 1935

Today Mr Hulbert was over for lunch as usual and when we told him we were broke and waiting for pay checks he offered to put us to work on the docks. So, we went over and signed on as stevedores unloaded roll paper from the ship "Chicago Tribune". Worked all afternoon and were paid in cash right away - 57 cents an hour. It was my first experience working as a stevedore, and also my first at working for two companies at the same time. But longshoreman work is tough work!

Cloudy all day again - no sunlight.

It is now 3:38 AM - the summer solstice

Saturday June 22, 1935

Pay checks arrived today. George and the rest went over to the Studio Café and cashed theirs and mine.

I went down to Detroit and bought a couple of books - a french and a german reader.

When I got back, Geo and Mac had just finished some bottled beer, and they asked me to go over and get some more while I was still in my "go ashore" clothes. I threw in 3 bottles for myself and bought 12. Mac went back to the docks at 7 to work some more so we finished off his share of the beer. Then George and I went up to Fort St. with the crew and drank beer for a while in the Green Front. The crew left - said he had a date. George and I went the rounds. Back on board at one o'clock. Sir disgusted with this way of putting in spare time but what else to do. Mac slipped away from crew to come back for his beer, but it was gone. It was just as well because beer and his job on the docks wouldn't have mixed as well.

I went over and watched them unloading sugar from the ship - the I. L. I. 102 - just in from Philadelphia with a full load.

My ankle bothered me considerably today - I hurt it rather badly working on the docks yesterday.

Sunday June 23, 1935

Slept until noon. Sort of disgusted with myself for last night - but incidentally your sense of values slowly deteriorate in this environment. Your standards must all be of your own choosing - or you go down.

Fried liver a mockerel for supper tonight

and washed some clothes later.

Mac went ashore about 3 o'clock this afternoon and just arrived stumbling aboard at 5:30. Money sure burns in his pockets.

I slept from 8 till 10 this A.M. and got up and cleaned up the room and wrote the logs.

George left for Brooklyn today at 1:30 P.M. I have the oilers room to myself now.

It was a clear cold night tonight. One could easily see his breath in the cold air. Being clear it got light early. I watched carefully and saw that the sky below the span of the Ambrose bridge began to pale before 3:30. Sun came up over Belle Isle about 5:17 A.M.

I tried another half mackerel for breakfast.

Spent a little time on decks in the sun but it is so dirty up there from the factories around here and the steam cranes even on the terminal yard that you're pretty soon covered with a layer of soot.

~~Mac ashore~~

Monday June 24, 1935

Macs asked me to go along with him tonight and have a few beers with him and I went along, having absolutely nothing else to do but think of the long night watch ahead of me.

We had several beers at Macs expense and began to get quipped. I managed to get home in consent to go back to the ship

but he insisted on bringing in old Sam Fools with him who was amusing half the crowd in the saloon.

We cut across the terminal yards and who should spot us but Old Man Hulbert who got his hair up immediately when he saw the old bum with us. Mack beat it and left me there. I tried to put the salve on Hulbert but he shot me up every time. So I gave up trying and went back to the ship.

Stayed up till four talking with Mac and the steward and finishing several more beers.

Turned in at 5 AM

Tuesday, June 5, 1935

Got up at 2 this afternoon and was sitting in the galley when the cools came in with a letter from Hulbert concerning last nights events. Forbidding us to cross his property etc. etc. I still can't see why he got so cussed up though

Chipped rust on decks a while.

Rigged up a siphon to get water out of the starboard fresh water tank.

Wrote mother a letter.

The Louis Carnera fight was caught. Heard it on the Cooks radio.

Wednesday June 26, 1935

About 3 A.M this morning some one came into my room and awoke me and

there was the "old man". Of course he'd catch me asleep. Didn't say much though.

Told me to turn in a go back on the day watch beginning tomorrow

So I was over the side chipping rust again today.

Old man Hubert came over and told the skipper about our escapade and we got some hell but not much. The "old man" doesn't like Hubert at all which helps us out of course. Anyway all relations with the Hanover Terminals is now broken but I'm sure it isn't because of the events of last night although that's the way it is being made out.

Bed early

Thursday June 26, 1935

Chipped rust all morning and until about 2 this afternoon. Then helped Max bring a lay tan of coal aboard. There were 12 scows and we carried them from the coal yard to the coal bucker on the ship a distance of about 200 yds.

Friday June 28, 1935

Chipped rust all day. I am getting into my stride again and it goes easier. However I am tired enough in the evening

Had some excellent fish at noon today. Cod called them silver bass, I've never seen

or heard of them before.

Quite warm today although it's not bad on the raft coming right down on the water. However the water is too filthy to have its proximity very pleasant.

It is threatening rain tonight but I don't care if it does, especially if it continues in the day time.

Saturday June 29, 1935.

It did rain today so we "stayed" down below in the after quarters instead of chipping

Knocked off at noon but the "old man" asked me to send a letter for him at the Post office on Junction Ave.

It cleared off this afternoon and I was out in the sun for a while but the air around here is so full of smoke and dust when there is a northerly wind that the sun is about half power.

This evening I walked across the Ambassador bridge and over into Canada. There is a nice view from the top of the bridge especially over towards Windsor where everything looks so green and fresh.

Walked from the end of the bridge over to Windsor and took the ferry to Detroit. Saw admiral Byrd's ship the "City of New York" down at the foot of Randolph street.

Turned in about 11.

Sunday June 30, 1935

Today was my twentieth birthday

Spent the morning washing myself and my clothes, both of which were badly in need of it.

This afternoon I went to Belle Isle for a little rest and a swim but the crowd was worse than Coney Island. However I enjoyed the aquarium and Botanical garden with the exception of the yawning ignoramuses who constituted the crowd largely.

The water was cold in the river but I enjoyed the swim, not having been in since early this spring.

Belle Isle is pretty, but overrun with [redacted] foreigners who litter up the grounds in the usual way found at resorts & beaches

Back to the ship at 8 P.M.

Monday July 1, 1935

Worked all day taking down a muffler in the engine room.

Awfully hard work because of the dust, for one thing.

Tuesday July 2, 1935

Working under the old mains department

Mac and I slung the cam shaft up and onto the middle engine room grating. The job took all day with a little relief from the monotony pulling the heavy chain falls.

Received a letter from mother today telling of Fred's receiving a 1000 dollar working fellowship at Amherst for next year. She asked me to perhaps remain out of school the first day of next year they will go to Amherst to live. I was sure glad to hear the news but I do not like the idea of staying out of school next year but will do so if absolutely necessary.

Weather warm

Wednesday July 3, 1935

Engine room again. A lighter came today and is tied up along side. It looks as though things were really going to happen around here. By the help of the lighter we removed 6 cylinder liners and one half of the crosshead. Utterly exhausted at end of the day.

Went to a show tonight. First show I've seen since coming to Detroit.

Was hot and humid today which is a very bad combination for hard work.

Thursday July 4, 1935

No work today. Layed around in the sun this P.M. but it was quite windy and

hot.

Had a well session with the "old man" this evening

Bed early

Friday July 5, 1935

Hardest days work I have ever put in. In removing the crankcase base we discovered that the crankshaft was secured to the fly-wheel by 6 machined bolts which had passed unnoticed in our rather blundering history. We rigged up a 10 foot pipe on to a 2 foot ~~open~~ open-end wrench and used a pulley block and tackle at the end of the pipe plus our own efforts. Even with that the bolts budged only slowly and after being hammered with a sledge.

It took me over a half hour to wash up tonight

Mac bought a small pup about midnight last night

Wrote Bob Post a letter today. Also wrote the girl at the office in regard to my pay checks

The temperature was well up in the 90's today and it was humid too. I sweat so much that the sweat was just sweat water not at all salty tasting

Saturday July 6, 1935

Worked all morning a repetition of yesterday. Hot again

Finally got the shaft and cranks case free

out. All the iron pars are new out.

Cleared of nearly this afternoon and it is cool and clear out tonight.

I was awakened this morning at 3 o'clock by a yelling and clamor on deck. I slipped on my shoes and dungarees and hit a ignition and went up on deck to see what went on. Mac was hanging over side on a lanyard he had got of a chocks and yelling for the mail boat to come alongside and get him. There was a round on the mail boat and a lot of girls and women and plenty of John Barleycorn. They were just fooling with Mac I believe, who was hobbling his feet and yelling like a madman. The mail boat soon left and things quieted down.

Hell's Mac's and night out now with hard words in between. I don't see how he does it.

Bought a suit of underwear today - 65¢

Sunday July 7, 1935

Loafed all day. Layed in bed until 11 and ate dinner with small appetite

Read a little German this afternoon

Usual chicken dinner this ~~aft~~ noon

Slept some more this afternoon.

Cloudy all day or I would have gone swimming at Belle Isle.

Had a little session with Macs tonight on knots. Learned the "damn fools" knot.

Everybody's ashore tonight except me

Took a picture of our little pup this evening. He seems to be in good health and growing fast.

I have just 24 cents left of my [redacted] 3 [redacted] and I just gave Mack 14¢ of it for a pack of cigarettes

thats enough for tonight

10 P.M.

Monday July 8, 1935

Dirtiest work yet this A.M. Went bilge diving armed with a shovel and pail. There was about 3 to 4 inches of bilge slime in the bottom of the engine pit which I cleaned out and carried on decks. Several hundred pounds of it.

The new castings came today on the lighter. When we knocked off tonight the new base casting was in its sling and all ready to be put in tomorrow.

This Hulbert fiasco is getting interestingly redeculous. He has ordered a fence to be erected around his portion of the docks which the Harbor Terminals owns jointly with the Beaubien Coal co, on whose property we are wharfed. This fence has completely cut us off from shore because we are forbidden to cross his lot.

However the skipper has ordered us to build a gangway around the obstruction which

we have partially completed. It is now possible to get ashore by first shifting the water's edge in this way

This situation is the more ridiculous because it is merely spite work. Hulbert has put dozens of men at work here at considerable expense to his company. I really believe its being done because the Harbor Terminals didn't get the repair job on the Detroiter. Our incident of several weeks ago is merely the direct excuse.

Tired tonight - worked pretty hard today.

Rain squalls off and on all day rather cool.

Finished my German book today Quite an interesting but superficial story - "Der Schwiegersohn"

Tuesday July 9, 1935

Began work on the base this morning and got it in on the bed plates at 2:30 this P.M. The casting was slightly too large at the fly wheel end and part of it had to be chipped away with an air hammer & chisel

Angel sleepy this afternoon - must be eating too much.

There is not much more left for us to do until an engineer comes since the bearings and crank shaft have to be lined up which requires technical skill.

Partly cloudy all day. Signs of rain tonight. Cool

Accounts of disastrous floods in upstate New York are in the papers. 45 dead reported in tonights Times. Village of Tunnanshing practically obliterated. Flood bad near Ithaca

Wednesday July 10, 1935

Last night the chief from the Cleveland George and another oiler came in about 3 o'clock

Carried 25 gallons of water aboard this P.M. and bailed in the engine room.

Crank shaft was swung in and blocked up on the new base. Ready for the bearings.

The oilers and the chief worked on the auxiliary all afternoon but couldn't locate the trouble.

Moved into Mack's room after supper

tonight. New in the wheelsmans quarters. Changed the sheets for the first time since I came aboard. No bed bugs in this berth, but the room has only one porthole. Damn hot + stuffy.

Weather hot today - up in the 90's in the engine room.

Package came from mother today with two shirts and 6 pairs of socks from Aunt Fay. Very welcome.

Thursday July 11, 1935

A man from the forward company arrived today. A Mr Campbell.

Worked all day in the engine room. Hot today. 93 in Detroit at the weather bureau.

Pay checks arrived today. Mine was sent to Mother as requested. Broke again as usual.

Wrote a postal to Aunt Fay one to mother and one to grandmother. Haven't heard from mother since Monday.

Friday July 12, 1935

Stifling hot today. Felt lazy all day. Worked in engine room most of the time.

Last night George and Hogan, the other oiler went out and got one on. Coming aboard about 2:30 Hogan upset the old

man sitting in his rocking chair and decided to go over and give him a piece of his mind. "You horse-head son of a bitch" he began and shaking his fist right under the old man's nose he began cursing him up and down for ten minutes or better. The old man didn't bat an eye

I heard Hogan still badly cursing and cursing the shipyard and all his ancestors when he went to bed at 3:30.

Funny how a fellow cracks like that. He has worked hard all his life taking orders without complaint but suddenly he broke finally. Left for Brooklyn this A.M. He has considerable money saved however as I found out today. Several thousand in this country and 15000 crowns in Norway. Left all his work clothes aboard saying he was working no more in this life!

George was sick this A.M. He went up to see Hogan off and also to get the mail but he and Hogan had so many farewell drinks that the mail made no appearance for hours So the old man sent me up to get him and the mail. I succeeded in the latter only after having several bottles of beer forced on me.

George finally got back with a heavy port list and didn't work all day.

Mack arrived squiffed about 5 P.M. but in his usual manner got up and went to work at 7:30. Can't stay quiet as

thing as he has money.

7:15 PM

Saturday July 13, 1935

The skipper removed me from the engine room to the decks again. Chipping rust overside again.

Received a letter from mother today also one from Bob Pool. No money enclosed.

For some reason we have to work the same hours as the engine bunch so I chipped rust all afternoon. Tomorrow we works again all day.

New oiler by name of Charley Brown came aboard tonight. From Kingston N.Y. a big jolly fellow and a close brother of John Barleycorn.

Weather somewhat cooler. Bright sunny weather all day

Sent special delivery to mother tonight

9:00 PM

Sunday July 14, 1935

More or less fooled around in the engine room all A.M and until 3 this afternoon. Really no necessity of us working but the chief insisted.

Beautiful clear afternoon with a fresh breeze off the river. We lay around on

decks under the canvas that Mack put up after supper and thereon he will par excellance

Went to a show tonight.

Bed about 12

Monday July 15, 1935

Chipped rust all day. Sord old sledge hammer again.

Postal telegraph came today from mother for 10 dollars. Bought cartons of cigarettes

Engine room gang is working until 8 this evening. Mack and I weren't needed tonight.

Cairy says it will be a good week before we pull up.

Rain squalls today but it cleared off about six with a fresh east wind.

I intend to go up and see a show tonight as it may be my last night free for some time

Missed out today on my French reading of which I have been doing a little each day.

Tuesday July 16, 1935

Worked on decks all day. U. S. steamboat inspection man was here and went over some of the deck equipment. A number

of things were short - fire axes, fire axes etc also some life boat equipment. The nettles which we took out were no good but the inspector didn't even try them. I tried them later myself and put good ones back when I wasn't being watched

Second mate arrived today. A slow futile, lethargic individual. A real fresh water sailor I hear. The first time he went down to the coast he drank Hudson river water all the way down just to see what salt water was like. Off the Jersey coast, I hear, he dipped up some of the briny deep which he put in a flask and still keeps it at home in Cleveland. He gives his best friends a small taste occasionally.

Weather warm and sultry

Five ships docked at the harbor terminals this afternoon. Two Norwegian tramps the "Vardefjell" and the "Nestum"

Wednesday July 11, 1935

Slept on deck again last night.

Lux gas man came to inspect our fire equipment which is the liquid CO_2 type stored in heavy cylinders.

Mack and I spent the whole day wrestling the cylinders out and weighing them. There are about 27 of them stored in a rope and cargo shiny locker just abaft

X

the pilot house. This locker or lazarette is about four and a half feet high with the iron decks just overhead and the hot sun pouring down on the steel plates drove the temperature up to almost unendurable temperatures in the small cramped space. We rigged up a windsail or "angels wings" to get air but it was still an uncomfortable job as each cylinder had to be unplugged and weighed in the narrow space. They averaged about 100 lbs and the amount of CO_2 contained is found by subtracting the stamped wt. of the cylinder from the gross wt.

There are six bottles left for tomorrow.

The scales we used to weigh on was a small platform scales. I weighed myself in dungarees and shoes -152 lbs. We tried gripping the scale to see how much pressure we could exert with two hands. I got 300 lbs. The old man pushed out a little over 300 and George got about 300.

Bought a suit of underwear and extra undershirt in a store up on Fort st. Hair cut too.

Everybody aboard tonight except the officers

Quite warm today - bright sun all day

Thursday July 18, 1935

Finished the lux gas inspection this

*

morning. Worked in the engine room in the afternoon and until 7 this evening. Works and sleep, works and sleep.

Friday July 19, 1935

In the engine room all day and until 7 this evening again. The base and shaft are all lined up now

Went ashore with Macks tonight and ended up in a rather large evening. We got aboard at 5 A.M Sat morning. In the Studio café until 2:30. Went to Hauptrauls with a couple of Macks friends in their car.

at the corner of Dubois and Newton streets ~~is~~ Choice of whome. A blonder ~~one~~ and blond. Real or spurious who ~~knows~~ ~~to~~

Saturday, July, 20, 1935

Turned to at 8 after 2 hours of sleep Sort of in a daze all morning but didn't feel tired for some reason or other.

The air compressor cases and cylinder heads went in today. Engine is building up fast now.

Went ashore beer drinking with Charley tonight but got back fairly early - about 12. Slept on decks.

Sunday July 21, 1935

Worked until 3 today. The cylinder

heads are all in now and all the stuff which was on deck has been lowered in. The lighter is through with its work now.

We lay around on decks aft under the awning until supper tonight. Bull session plus.

After supper Charley and I went up to see a show. Went the rounds on Fort street after and finished up in the Studio. Mack and George were in the Studio paralyzed drunk with three women.

Came aboard at 12 and turned in

Monday July 22, 1935

Worked under the old man's direction today slinging up the cam shaft and muffler Hard work as the old boy is quite a slave-driver

The first cook came aboard today and went right to work. A huge burly fellow from Buffalo.

George and Mack got aboard last night about 4 and were still loaded at breakfast. George was in bad shape but worked all day

It was sure a crazy lot that stumbled down the engine room companionway to go to work this morning. None of us have had a good night's sleep in 4 or 5 days

Knocked off tonight at five. No work after supper. This is my first night aboard since

Wednesday last. My tow bucks is gone too.
Turning in early tonight.
Hot and sultry all day. Nice weather for hangovers.

Tuesday July 23, 1935

Carried our twenty gallons of water as usual the first thing this A.M.
Chipped rust and painted until a thunder squall came up when we had to cover up the hatches.
Weather sulty and hot all day. Thunder squall only increased the humidity.
Bed early.

Wednesday July 24, 1935

Painted all day. No more chipping just painting. Painting the stern and directly under the fan-tail presented a mean job.
Sultry all day but not so warm. Well slopped up with paint, mostly due to Mack's super-energetic methods of rapidly covering the hull in wide sweeping strokes.
Some of the crank bearings were filed down too much and had to be re-Babbitted
Turned in early.

Thursday July 25, 1935
Worked on decks all day. Got an

order of new paint from Becker's and brought it aboard via row boat.

Bill and I worked on bolting down the skylight over the engine room this afternoon.

Engine room gang worked until 8:30 tonight. Most of the piping was connected up today. Bilge manifold hooked up. The pistons and cylinder skirts have to be put in yet.

Moved up forward tonight and am taking up my permanent quarters in the fo'c'sle from now on

The only ventilation in here is a small deck skylight besides the door. The two port holes are riveted shut.

Rain squall in mid-afternoon. Weather continues sultry.

Mr. Shortt has arranged for a cargo of automobiles to be loaded at Woodward St. Expect to leave Detroit by Sunday.

I watched the Lenapine go down the Detroit river tonight. She enjoys the distinction of being the largest vessel afloat on the Gt Lakes - length 620' beam 75' ~~tonnage~~ tonnage 12,000 gross tons.

Friday July 26, 1935

I sit me down to write my daily bit again tonight, this time once more by the light of an oil lamp, on the little table

in the fo'c'sle.

Had a full days work today. Began by bringing aboard a half ton of coal which we rowed over in a row boat and brought aboard with the help of the life boat davits.

Laid the 'tween decks planks in # 1 hold and shored them up to carry automobiles.

Discharged all the fire extinguishers and recharged them. Great sport spraying fire extinguishers oversides especially the foamy kind.

Swung over the port side life-boat. The davits were awfully stiff and it took five of us about 15 minutes. If need arose I think the ship would go down with all hands before we got the boats oversides.

All but one piston in the engine is finished.

I took the row boat tonight and went exploring by myself. It was nice and easy floating down the river but damn near impossible to row against the current. However after several hours I rowed upstream to the piling of the bridge on the light bank of the river and across and down to the Detroiter

Our mate came aboard this P.M. Mr. Peterson from Cleveland. An old man but he seems O.K.

A fresh breeze off the river kept the temperature down today. Cool on decks but of course hot below as usual. However it

is clear and cool tonight for a change.

Well this will be one my last nights in Detroit for some time.

10:30 P.M

Saturday July 27, 1935

A change in scenery today. A tug came alongside in the morning and stood by until 12:30 when she manoeuvered us out into the river and began towing us up stream. Docked at the Ogden terminal and loaded cars in #1 hold

Went up with Bill tonight to mail a letter and got hooked into treating a few beers.

Engine room gang worked until after 9 tonight.

Pete deck hand came aboard today. He just left the "Eastern States" one of the L & C boats, running from Detroit to Cleveland.

Bed about 11.

Sunday July 27, 1935

I am writing this Monday morning. We are out on Lake Erie now, near South-east shoals

Yesterday A.M we battened down the hatches and made things fast on decks. Worked after dinner until about two.

The inspectors O.K'd the engine in the afternoon

Tied up at the Pine Ridge coal docks and took on water.

Mr Campbell, the lumber man left about 11 P.M.

The mate's son, a tall, gangling awkward kid came on as deck hand tonight

Watched as we passed down the Detroit river ~~passed the~~ and left the multi-colored lights of Detroit behind in the distance beyond the Bridge.

Turned in about 12:30

And thus ends the Detroit days.

Monday July 29, 1935

It is a beautiful clear night with a light southerly breeze and hardly any sea running. We are now about 20 miles off Long Point in Lake Erie.

I sat up in the bow for a while this evening after dark and just watched the sea and the sky and stars and listened to the water rushing past the bows. It was very peaceful and quiet with no noise other than the steady rush of the water and the constant pound of the engines to which latter you become so accustomed that you pay no attention.

The stars were unusually bright tonight especially so I suppose after I have become so accustomed to the murky atmosphere above big cities. Two stars I noticed were visible clearly that one usually has difficulty finding in the sky above the city: Epsilon Lyrae and the companion to the second star in the dipper handle, I forget the name.

The mate told me last night that I would be on the day watch and work from 8 A.M until about 5 in the evening but this arrangement didnt please the skipper and he told me to turn to from 6 A.M till 6 P.M

which makes a pretty long day.

This morning we washed down the decks and straightened things up in general on decks. This afternoon, working with the deck hand on the other watch we soogyed the alley aft and mopped the forward and after halls.

The old man had me helping Bill tonight putting the rest of the bolts in the engine roome skylight.

There was a good breeze from the North east this A.M and we rolled around smartly on the course around south east shoals. Passed South East shoal light at 9 A.M.

Beautiful clear bright day and plenty of sunshine

Tuesday July 30, 1935

Turned to at 6 this A.M. Passed the Port Colburne breakwall at 8 this A.M and were in the guard locks of the Welland canal about 8:30.

There is something fascinating about this canal and the entrance from the lake. Everything is so neat and clean cut looking the concrete walls, the mathematically spaced tying posts, the immense high lifting bridges, the little towns with the

main street right along the canal etc. The ships whistle is blown three times and after a short pause the bridges lyte and we pass under - the whistle is blown three times - long - and the locks open and we pass in - it all seems so exact and machine like.

Our work in the canal consists of getting a line out to the men on the lock wall and then each man taking care of his line. I had the wire cable spring line and just had to slack off the line from the winch drum, taking care to keep a strain on it.

The 7 lift locks are 46 feet deep, that is, there is a drop of 46 feet and the there is also a guard lock of a few feet drop - totaling in the whole canal about 330 feet or the difference in levels between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

The dimensions of the locks are: 800 feet in length, 75 feet in diameter with a depth of 30 feet on the lock sills.

From Lock # 6 one can see Lake Ontario way below and far in the distance.

Passed Port Weller breakwall about 3:30 P.M and headed out into Lake Ontario. There was a brisk westerly breeze and the lake was whitecapped making a pretty sight with the deep blue water and sky.

Wednesday July 31, 1935

When I stumbled up from the fo'c's'le hatch this morning and walked aft on the decks there was no land in sight. When I came up from breakfast however there was land to be dimly seen and soon the building of Oswego shaved up above the south-eastern horizon.

We stepped down the masts, ventilators life boat davits, smoke stacks and all projecting structures including the pilot house and flag staff.

Passed under the railroad bridge at Oswego with the ships wheel off - only about 4 inches clearance. Number 2 hold is about half full of water so that we settle low enough to clear the low bridges.

Scrogged all afternoon on decks, between locks. Locks # 23 at 7:30. nice looking Springer spaniel at the lock, I think it is the locks tender's

Fine clear evening and we're now well out into lake ~~Os~~ Oneida. This is a nasty little pond to navigate because of the shoal water all around the channel. The deep red afterglow was pretty to see tonight out on the lake with the dark pines limned against the western sky.

Recieved a letter from mother at lock #8. Three dollar money order enclosed

Thursday Aug 1, 1935

Just passed thru lock #14 at Cana-joharie

Bolted down some more on that damned skylight, on Bills watch. Soogeyed some more on decks on the mates watch. A heavy thunder squall came up just as we were getting into lock #18. Standing by the lines out in the deluge was as good as falling overboard. We washed down the decks this morning but the rain finished the job for us.

Passed through some nice hilly country today in the upper Mohawk valley. Went by Herkimer this afternoon and saw the monument at the old Herkimer homestead.

Turned in about 9:30. Hatten blazes in the forecastle, electric fan going all day & night.

Friday Aug. 2, 1935

Going down the old Hudson tonight and will be in New York tomorrow. This region has some old memories for me and looks even better than when I saw it last. Right now we are above Saugerties and the blue masses of the catskills are looming up in the west, silhouetted against the deep red summer sunset.

I felt pretty discouraged tonight when I got orders to turn to at midnight again. That makes 18 hours of work in the last 24

and I was hoping to get some time ashore tomorrow. I would like to run up to see mother if I get a chance as I haven't seen her since the 1st of June and I want to get a few plans for the future straightened out.

Saturday ~~8~~ Aug 3, 1935

Worked down in #2 hold from midnight to 6 A.M., drying off the deck and replacing the bilge boards which the water had floated out of position.

Saw the "bridge" about 6 this morning then the big apartments along Riverside Drive looming out of the morning haze.

Unloaded one cargo of automobiles at the 53rd St. canal terminal. I guess we arrived unannounced because there were no longshoremen available and the crew turned to & I got 50 cents an hour for it - 1.50 for the three hours and paid right away. It was pretty tough work though and I was not feeling extra tough since I've only had 3 hours sleep since Friday morning.

Tied up at Edgewater, N.J., to load sugar but no work tomorrow at the sugar docks. I left about two this afternoon and went up to Aunt Annas to see mother and Fred. This is a convenient place to dock as it is only a block from the 125 st ferry

Got my plans laid out for the year:

I am going to stay on here until the ship ties up then go back to college for the second semester.

Came aboard about 8 Sunday night but theres no reason to hang around here because they don't need me on watch. Went over to the city and came back about 1:30 A.M. Turned in at 3:30 A.M.

Monday Aug 5, 1935

On watch 6 AM to 12 PM. Slept from one to 3:30 when I went over to meet mother at 125th st. We had some ice cream and then walked up on the heights and sat in a bench along Riverside Drive. It was a bright clear afternoon and very pleasant to see the Hudson sparkling and gleaming below in the slanting sunlight. A fresh breeze was whipping up white caps and a few small sailing canoes were careening crazily about. That hour will stand out, as time passes, from the multitudes of others I dont know why but everything seemed so clear cut and sharp - a big moment but long in memory.

Loading sugar all day - filling up fast On watch now - 6 AM - 12 P.M. Cooler tonight so it won't be bad for sleeping.

Tuesday Aug 6, 1935

On deck at 6 A.M. I felt pretty bad when I got up this morning but turned to anyway. After 10:30 I couldn't stand it any longer and asked Bill if I couldn't go below. I fell asleep immediately on the cool deck in the fo'c'sle. Got up about 12:30 and was awfully sick and weak - almost fainted and broke out in a cold sweat. Stumbled into my bunk and got up at 3:30 and spoke to the old man. He gave me a ticket to the Marine Hospital but I decided to go home if I could make it. The subway trip was tough but I made it O.K.

Detroiter left Edgewater at 7:30 if they got away on schedule.

Had a good night's sleep for a change.

Wednesday Aug 7, 1935

Seemed to be completely over my spell yesterday but still feel a little weak. Left with mother at 2 this afternoon for Grand Central station to get the train for Schenectady.

At my request, on the way down town, we took the 180 th St crosstown car so that mother could point out to me the place I was born. I haven't seen it since I was a baby and of course don't remember anything about the place. It is

a five story red brick apartment house at 927 East 180th St.

Left Grand Central station at 4:15 with a ticket for Schenectady where I arrived at 7:30, five dollars and seventy five cents poorer.

Went to the YMCA in Schenectady and got instructions as to how to get to lock #4 at Rotterdam where I arrived about 8:30. The Detroiter has not yet been reported from lock 7 so I'm somewhat previous. Stretched out on the wooden bench in the lock tenders room and slept off and on until the Detroiter got here. Got aboard about midnight.

Clear and cold this evening. Mist on the Mohawk River - cold and raw.

Thursday Aug 8, 1935

On six to twelve watch. Heavy traffic and slow progress in canal. Tied up at lock # 19 for 4 hours last night. Painted skylights on deck this morning.

Passed from lock # 12 to lock # 19 between 6 A.M. and 12 midnight

Friday Aug 9, 1935

When I went on watch this A.M we were between locks 20 & 21. Held up for several hours for by a string of barges. We went

aground and had to be pulled off by the tug, then the tug went aground and we pulled her off. Plenty of fun handling lines.

When I came up on deck at 5:30 this afternoon we were about halfway across Lake Oneida. at lock # 2 Fulton at midnight

Last night we had to lay below a lock for a while and got our lines on some canallers tied up along the bank. I was standing by the stern line which was around the cleats of an old steam canaller made fast to the channel dolphins. The skipper of the old tub was uneasy and peeved because we had our lines on him and was mumbling half to himself and half to me when, with the rush of water from the emptying lock, there came a good strain on the line. He began to cuss and told me to slack off which I refused to do. He was hopping mad and reached for a fire axe, right handy, and said by God he'd show me how to slack that line. as soon as I saw the axe I let her go and throw the eye off the cleat but not any too soon.

Washed dungarees tonight on watch.

Saturday Aug 10, 1935

Cleared Oswego breakwall at five A.M. We are now in the Welland Canal - locks

3 at 1 a.m.

Calm passage across Lake Ontario except for a couple of hours this morning when a westerly wind kicked the spray up on decks.

Pea soup fog this afternoon, blowing fog signals my whole watch below.

Passed in Port Weller breakwall at 10:30

Took in twenty inches of water in port drinking water tank from right out of the lake.

Sunday Aug 11, 1935

Passed outside of Port Colburne breakwall at 8:30 a.m.

No work on decks today. Fine clear day with fresh south westerly breeze and white caps on the lake.

I sat out on the hatch this afternoon and wrote five or six post cards which the wind soon afterwards scattered in good style. I rescued three anyway.

Tonight the wind freshened up and we are taking generous dashes of spray off the port quarter. South westerly wind and partly cloudy. Passed Fairport Ohio at 1 a.m. Monday.

~~Fri~~

Monday Aug 12, 1935

Docked at Cleveland at National Terminals at 5 A.M when I was still below.

Uncovered hatches and unloaded 600 tons of sugar between 7 A.M and 3:30 P.M That's a rate of approximately 100 tons an hour. The reason for this rapid rate is two-fold. In the first place they have a special gantry rig which comes right out over the hatch and thus is perfectly adapted for unloading sugar. The second is the speed at which they work these stevedores. They are practically driven and forced on. Longshore labor in Cleveland is not organized and the standards of labor certainly suffer.

Left Cleveland at 4 P.M this afternoon I stayed up most of my watch below and sat in the pilot house. I wanted to see the harbor and city of Cleveland from the lake but I can't say it is very impressive. The terminal tower does look spectacular from the lake however, but that is all. No natural harbor - just the breakwall.

About 7:30 PM a heavy thunder squall blew up from the north west. One of those well known Lake Erie thunder squalls with plenty of lightenning and wind. The hatch irons were not put on #2 hatch cloth and when that wind hit it the canvas rose up like a balloon being inflated.

I grabbed my oilskin coat and leaped up on the hatch to get the irons on with the help of the other deck hand. Well the wind swooped into that coat and I went staggering across the hatch and onto the deck below not too far from the gunwale. I was up again immediately but this time without the coat. The heavy drops of rain were flung against us with a force that made them feel like stinging particles of sleet. I was completely drenched in a few seconds in the terrific onslaught but we got the irons on in short order, working like madmen.

Before the storm broke there was a curious buzzing at the mast heads which became louder and louder until the storm broke. I could see the wind coming ~~fga~~ off with its attendant line of white combers and I felt its full fury when we got into the line of advancing white. The sky was an ugly blue black and the sea and sky blended together so the horizon could only be detected by the white capped water. All around the ship when the wind was at its strongest the lake was a huge bed of creaming waves with the tops being whipped off and forming anew immediately The wind came so quickly there was no sea built up but the water was boiled up into a choppy turmoil of white and black. The lighterman jobbed down incessantly into

the lake all around, sometimes very close and the thunder rolled and cracked with a peculiar lack of reverberation.

I went below and changed my clothes about 8:30 and Brownie and I split the watch into halves, he taking the first half.

The wind kept up pretty strong right on our beam and we began to roll with an unpleasant jerking motion. The dog began to look a little funny and he ran out in the alleyway and vomited his entire supper, after which he lay under the stove and refused to budge.

Cleared off about 11 P.M.

Tuesday Aug 13, 1935

Docked at Toledo at 5 A.M. Began unloading at Toledo at 1:00 P.M and finished about 1:00 A.M.

There are a great many ships tied up in the river here at Toledo, many laid up the last two or three years I am told. There is also a lot of loading and unloading going on. Toledo seems to be a busy port.

Coal is loaded here by the dumping of an entire freight car into a shoot, with the vortex of its funnel in the ships hold. Mass production with a minimum of time:

Wednesday Aug 14, 1935

Passed South east shoals about 10:30 Calm sea and clear sky. Cleaned out #3 hold this morning and chipped rust until dark on the after watch. Then sat on the deck winch forward the rest of the watch. The moonlight was bright and gleamed hard on the gently rolling lake. Peaceful, calm, warm night with the light damp breeze from the south.

Thursday Aug 15, 1935

Sighted Port Colburne at 6:30 a.m Passed the town about an hour later and made a quick passage through the Welland canal. Left Port Weller breakwall at 3:30 P M.

Brisk westerly breeze blowing on Lake Ontario - perfect summer sailing. Full moon tonight, clear sky, light breeze. Passed Braddock pt about 11.

I had the wheel again tonight. Last Sunday was my first experience and I seemed to get along pretty good.

Friday Aug 16, 1935

Entered the Oswego river about 7:45 a.m Hot as a steam box down in the focsle

this P.M. fan going all the while but I just laid in my own sweat. Having the port holes blanked off doesn't help make the forward end of this ship any more comfortable in this kind of weather.

When we came on watch this evening we had about half of Lake Oneida behind. Passed Sylvan Beach a little after dark. Enticing sounds of merriment from this little resort on the lake.

Threatened thunder squalls but no rain fell.

Saturday Aug 19, 1935

Locks #19 about 7 A.M.

Chipped rust all morning. I felt really rotten all morning. I have either a bad cold or a touch of hay fever - the latter I believe as my symptoms are about the same as last years. Tough watch but feel better this evening

Locks #10 at twelve midnight.

Noticed the old Guy Johnson estate at Locks #11. The lock is built about a hundred feet from the old stone building. Reminiscent of the Robt. W. Chambers stories I read years ago.

Sunday Aug 18, 1935

Lock # 6 this morning early.
Passed Troy at noon. Beautiful trip down the Hudson. Passed West Point at 10:45 Peekskill at 12:30 around the Battery at 4:30 Docked at Pier 39 Brooklyn.

Monday Aug 19, 1935

At Pier 39 Brooklyn, loading cuban sugar. Wonderful view of the harbor from here - Statue of Liberty about a mile and a half to the west.
Met mother at City Hall at 1 oclock and went home with her. Came aboard again at 12 midnight. Took an even two hours from Mt Vernon down to the ship. One hour from 241 st St to Borough Hall on subway.
Mosquitoes awful - had to go down and sleep in the motor room. They seem to thrive on citronella oil.
This morning about 8 oclock the Normandie passed the statue on the way up the river. A beautiful ship and well proportioned except that her stacks seem over large.
I sort of hated to leave mother & Fred this evening because I probably won't see them again until January.

Tuesday Aug 20, 1935

Very tired and sleepy this A.M., but no hard work - only painting over the sides.

Greatly disappointed to learn that my pay has been cut from 90 to 65 per month. However there is no complaint to make since 65 a month is ordinary seamans wages and I signed on as ordinary seaman.

It began raining this afternoon so the longshoremen knocked off loading until ? tomorrow.

I am sitting on the forecastle hatch writing this and watching the harbor.

The water front may be dirty, but its a beautiful harbor anyway. There is much to see beyond the dirt and filth. There is the beauty, the majesty of the Bay, walled by Manhattans towers, and the scores of busy ships scuttling back and forth below. But all this has been said before in better words - and still I try.

There is the Statue of Liberty, holding a heavy arm in silhouette against the reddened sunset sky. The myriad lights of Manhattans "jungled" towers are twinkling through the twilight haze like stars on a frosty night. The grim, but stately, old Brooklyn Bridge is pretty hazed over the night sky of the city.

Darkness is falling down once more over the old harbor, the lahars of another

Day are coming to rest. It is peaceful and quiet - The paradox of the harbor.

[redacted]

8:15

Wednesday Aug 21, 1935

Another hot humid day with an east wind bringing in damp ocean air.

Met mother this afternoon at Bowling Green subway station and we walked down to the Battery. Took an excursion boat ride to Coney Island and back - a nice trip with a brisk breeze blowing over the harbor.

Went to the ship and stood my 6-12 watch. Had to work hard covering hatches and I was damn tired & sleepy.

Left Pier 39 at 10 o'clock. Passed Rockefeller Church at midnight - bucking the tide.

I got several pictures of the Normandie as she went down toward the Narrows this morning

Turned in at 12 promptly.

Thursday Aug 22, 1935

Huginton point at 10 A.M.

Washed down decks with that damned 2nd mate getting in the way all the while. I was strongly tempted to turn the hose full on him several times but I have no desire to lose my job yet.

The wind shifted into the northwest and it got much cooler this morning.

I changed my bed linen today for the first time since leaving Detroit.

Passed through locks # 1 at 8 tonight held up at locks # 2 by barges going up the flight.

Locks # 4 at midnight.

Friday Aug 23, 1935

Locks 9 at 7 A.M.

Cold misty morning on the Mohawk but a bright sun soon warmed things up so that I was working in my undershirt by the middle of the morning.

The old man wants the decks painted and we began this A.M. slopping them down with big heavy brushes.

Locks # 18 at midnight when we went off watch.

It has turned pretty cold tonight. I did hear the locks tender say it was 45° F

Saturday, Aug 24, 1935

I was awakened this morning by a most terrific crashing and tearing sound and violent lurching of the ship. I was nearly thrown out of my bunk and rushed out into the alleyway before I was completely awake. Then I heard someone yell "All hands on deck" and was about to run up the companionway when I heard a moaning and whining behind me and there was old Bill, the 2nd mate, whimpering like a whipped dog. He had a few scratches but was hardly bleeding, but very evidently suffering from severe shock. One glance into his room gave the answer to this. The whole inside, except the part of the room inboard, was a mass of mangled steel and splintered wood work. A huge lump of iron work was suspended over the lower part of Bills bunk resting on one of the bed stanchions ~~and~~ on one end and wedged into the ships side at the other. An almost miraculous escape from death or at least severe injury.

After I got up on deck I could see better what had happened. It was a "foggy" morning but the mist was lifting and I could see another boat - a cavalier - laying to a single hundred yards

astern. She had rammed us on the starboard bow, ripping our plates wide open and buckling the deck somewhat. Down below there were 9 frames sheared off and a hole in our side big enough to push a horse through and about twelve feet long. A complete job but nothing to what it might have been. Two steel bulkheads were smashed and there were rivets lying about like popped buttons. The heavy piece of steel shoved into our side was a bulwark & chocks from the other boats bow.

I read the name of the other ship as the "Supreme," of the Sun refining Co. She is about three fourths our length but built much lower - used for carrying oil & gasoline. I couldn't help but think what the results would have been had she caught on fire. Any way you looks at it, a close shave

Weather is cold today, actually cold with a brisk nor'west wind. But on Lake Oneida we took on great quantities of water through the hole in the side

Six o'clock and we are approaching Brewerton.

Collision occurred at buoy # 565 between locks 19 & 20 at 5:30 P.M.

Later - tied up at Three Rivers Point

right opposite Three Rivers ~~Iowa~~. Plenty of noise, girls and dancing inside. Went ashore with some of the others and drank beer until the place closed about 3:30

Left Three Rivers at 6 this morning. Cold clear night but foggy on the river. Changed watches - I am now on from 12 PM - 6 AM each day.

Sunday Aug 25, 1935

Arrived at Owego at noon today. Shortt and Fagan were there and had made all arrangements for us to get "patched" up. We tied up down at the grain elevator and the welders began to work about two thirty. All they are doing is welding sheets to the outside and not very thick sheets at that.

Kinney deserter is going to drive the old mans wife down to New York so we'll be short handed on deck unless we get a new man.

Went to a show uptown tonight with Serge - "China Seas"

Weather changed to warmer with a southwest breeze coming up.

Slept an hour on watch tonight in the vegetable locker!

Welders quit at 3 tonight.

3:45 A.M.

Monday Aug 26 + Tuesday Aug 27, 1935

Left Sarnia at 8:45 this morning there was a light sea running on the lake and we began to take a little water in through the bow - quite a bit came in the paint locker - about four inches on the deck.

Passed Rochester about 2:30 in the afternoon - bright clear day. Painted and dug out most of the watch

Passed Cleveland at Port Weller at 3100 it 49.

Tied up in Locks #6 Welland canal at 5.30. Having trouble with the locks gate in locks 1. Been laying here now for 3 1/2 hours. 1.30 17 49

Left locks 6 about noon.

Turned in this afternoon ~~[illegible]~~ for four hours watch since midnight. I see we are going to have some fun running this ship with only three deckhands

Looks as water from Lake Ontario sits the drinking water tanks

Wednesday Aug 28, 1935

Came up for supper last night and then turned in again. It had rained a little and looked squally - air hot and sultry with heavy looking clouds scudding rapidly. About 11 I got up and dressed being

pretty well slept out. As soon as I got out of the hatchway and on deck I got a good sheet of spray square across my legs. Retreated below for my oilskins and boots.

It was blowing hard from the northwest and a rough black night on the lake. About 12 we passed from the lee of Long Point and faced the full sweep of the wind and water. This is the first really rough weather I've seen on the lakes and I can't say I like it too well. The waves are not long but prodigiously steep and choppy. They thump the bow with terrific sound and you can hear ~~the~~ and feel the shudder pass through the frames of the whole ship.

Being our first taste of bad weather a lot of stuff was loose on deck and I could hear various objects thumping and bumping above the roar of the crashing seas. The engine governor from the broken engine was rolling to and fro on the deck mid-ships, lashed only at one end. I managed to make it fast but only with great effort as its free end was circular and rolled or pivoted on its axle. A heavy heaving line kept it pretty well under control although it weighed close to 1535 lbs.

All the while I was fighting with the damn thing the deck was heaving at a

giddy rate, making it totally impossible to stand up without at least one arm support on a fixed object. I had to work my way forward on the lee side by clinging to the hatch combing and going ahead hand over hand. By the deck house which on the starboard side, just aft of the pilot house I had a good vantage point from which to stand and watch although I had to hang on with both hands. About 12:30 we changed course and stood in for the lee of Long Point. In this direction we were nearly broadside to the sea and the ship rolled and pitched with a savage strength. The water came across the deck and swished and swirled in the scuppers and along the gunwales a pretty wet time all said and done.

We passed several ships at anchor under the point, several large lakers, just standing by waiting to see if there are going to be a real storm, which is something unusual this time of the year.

Dropped the anchor at 2 o'clock, after about 10 minutes of furious straining at the brake drum which had become jammed from lack of use. The anchor finally plunged free with a bright cloud of flying mud from the mud-caked chain in the chain locker. The water was pretty shoal and she was soon

leading to windward with a good strain.

Dawn came early - an exceptionally clear, bright sky swept by a strong northwest wind.

Off Long Point - 8:00 A.M.

6:30 PM - still laying at anchor. The wind died off all day but seems to be coming up a little again.

Heard the "old man" tell the mate that the weather wouldn't hold him here if it weren't for the deck. The starboard bow was dead into the sea last night and took a lot of water down through the fo'c'sle hatch enough in it to make things sloppy and the forward alley was all leaned and swept.

I could see a steamer lie at anchor about a half mile north. With the glasses I made out the name - Oswego Iroquois.

Chipped west and did odd jobs this afternoon the whole watch.

This is a mountainous exclusive laying here with only the waters of Lake Erie around and the black, sandy tip of Long Point in the distance, with its scant beach, trees and lonely light-house.

Wind northwesterly but shifting into the north.

1:00 P.M.

Thursday Aug 29, 1935

Relieved in watch at 6 A.M. and waited for Cleveland. Fair weather all day. Passed Freighter Ohio at 6 P.M. Bearing Southeast.

Wrote mother a letter before turning in.

Arrived at National Terminal docks at 10 P.M. Stood the rest of Browns watch and all of Johns - until 6 A.M.

Friday Aug 30, 1935

Began to rain about 5 A.M. Dreary gray morning amid the dreary surrounding of the rotting docks, the Cuyahoga river.

Unloaded the sugar between the bells in the rain all morning.

Wrote Bob Pool a letter and mailed it.

Finished unloading at 4 A and passed the breakwall at 10 P.M.

Saturday Aug 31, 1936

Brisk breeze all day. It doesn't begin to get light until about a quarter to five now.

Passed South-east shoals about 3 A.M.

Went down into #1 hold and hauled up two bags of sugar (100 lbs ea.) for the galley

Docked at Toledo at the B & O docks up the river at 11:30 A.M.

Began unloading at noon and left at six thirty. Moved down the river to the city Refinery to fuel up.

Our Lithuanian mess man and the wheelman went ashore this afternoon and got well tanked up. The mess boy got rough with the dishes down in the galley, throwing them on the deck etc. The cooks protests worked him up into a rage and the words began to fly with the dishes. But in the melee the mess grabbed a fire axe and began to brandish it with threats at the cook. After being disarmed he contented himself with loud swearing and spitting in his enemy's face. A thoroughly disagreeable fellow.

We passed the Cherry St bridge when there was considerable traffic and people were lined up on both sides watching us pass below. This drunken boob climbed up on the deck of the after cabin and, addressing the crowd, poured forth an unstemmed stream of vile language and vituperation directed mainly at the ship, the crew and the company. It must have been somewhat illuminating to the women and children in the crowd, to whom every word must have been plainly audible.

Bayonne, ship tied up in Maumee

River. Big lakers for the most part.
Mosquitoes fierce and blood-thirsty in this part of the world.

Sunday Sept 1, 1935

Left oil docks at 11 P.M. last night.
Arrived at Detroit at 7:10. Docked at Harbor Terminals.

This a.m. our little pup fell down the after companionway and broke her left foreleg. Screamed and yelped terrifically. The chief set it and bound it up in splints and she seems to be resting quietly now.

Plenty of hatches for the decks handle today — even worse than yesterday.

I walked over to the old ship we were tied up in last month (July, I should say) Everything looked same as usual — a miserably dirty looking spot. The old Wisconsin is still tied up laying there rusting and quiet — an old hulk which has seen better days

Got a new mess boy — Axel Nielsen a young Swede from Brooklyn. Just what he was doing in Detroit I haven't yet found out.

The first mate brought a woman aboard this a.m. The first wife heard he had a wife. She is going with us as far as Buffalo

East by north a half north after passing

South east shoals

Monday Sept 2, 1935

Cleaned the holds and made the bilges grain tight
Quiet passage across Lake Erie.

Tuesday Sept 3, 1935

Docked at Buffalo at 11 last night
Smashed in a couple boats ahead on watch last night down in the rope locks.

Shifted over to the Canadian Port grain elevator this morning. Stripped the hatches and began loading wheat in # 2 hold at 1 o'clock. Finished at 1:45 32,000 bushels. It had to be trimmed down in the hatch covers - all on my watch.
Loaded automobiles at two different docks. Still going into # 3 now.
Held up for a while this afternoon by the delay in getting U.S. customs seals on our hatches.

Wednesday Sept 4, 1935

Left Buffalo at 7 last night
Arrived at Port Colborne at 12:15.
It began to rain while we were still

on the long haul and kept on - getting worse and worse. We went through 5 locks on my watch including the flight so I was on deck the whole 6 hours in the rain. Even my sou'wester began to leak after the steady downpour continued.

Passed through Lock #2 at 6:45 and left Port Weller inward at 11 A.M. A damp grey day on the lake with a heavy swell from the east and a light air from the west.

Being short a wheelman the deck hands had to stand the watch. I was at the damn thing three hours this afternoon

Thursday Sept 5, 1935

Three hours at the wheel again last night.

Arrived at Oswego at 4:45 A.M.

Received three letters at Lock #8. Jean Spec, from Warner and one from mother.

Primary Deventer came aboard at Lock #8. The old man is going to give him a try at wheelsman.

#4 ballast tank overflowed this morning about the time I changing the water. Made a bad mess in the after quarter with water all over the gallery and living saloon.

Lock #23 at 12:30 P.M. Dropped all

afternoon.

Tied up at Sylvan Beach for a while for the inspector to pass on the bow. This was the steamboat inspection man from Savings and I can't yet figure out why we didn't wait there for him.

Locks # 21 at 7 P.M.
" " 20 at 7:30 P.M.

Took a bucket bath tonight - no more shower baths until we back on the lakes or out on the coast if we going.

Friday Sept 6, 1935

Rather heavy fog last night. Poked along until lock #20 where we tied up below the lock at about 4:30. Still here now at 7.

I read of the Florida hurricane in the Albany papers. 500 people still missing. Florida East Coast R.R to Key West completely demolished.

Left locks # 20 at 8 A.M.
Lock # 17 at 4 P.M
Locks # 15 at 7:15 P.M

Lounged on deck all afternoon [illegible] day. [illegible] clear [illegible] [illegible] the bank around [illegible]

[illegible] good [illegible]. W[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], the [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible].

Saturday Sept 1, 1935 –

Lock # 12 at 12:30 this morning.
Lock # 3 at 6 A.M.
A cold damp day on the river but no fog. When I went on watch at noon we were just leaving lock # 3 at Waterford. Put up the deck rigging again and started at Albany at 3 in the afternoon.
Began unloading our cargo at 3:40 and finished at 1:20. 35,000 bushels, [illegible] lines
Left Albany dock at 1:25.

Sunday Sept 8, 1935

The Rip Van Winkle bridge was just in sight astern when I came on watch at midnight
Passed West Point at 6:00 A.M., Jones Point at 7:15
A damp cold wind from south all night
First began to get light at 4:00

this morning

Monday Sept 9, 1935
Tuesday Sept 10, 1935

Tied up at 12:15 this afternoon at the Erie Basin canal terminal.

Took subway up to 207th Street where I stayed over night.

Unloaded the cars and then moved over to the Standard Oil Co dock of Longview N.J. on the Kill Van Kull. Tied up alongside the large oil tanker W. S. Mellon, the Republic of Panama which that quite a number of here yesterday were which, on inspection, & not contrary to what I would have thought.

This morning I got my pay check and decided to get it up to mother in Mt Vernon instead of waiting & cashing it. But to do this involved a ride, a long round trip, utilizing many of the other transportation methods.

Follows: the Standard Oil Co launch from Longview to West Brighton S. I., the ferry from there to St. George, the ferry from St. George to South Ferry, subway from there to 241st St, and the subway to Mt Vernon. Then the short walk

[illegible]

When I got aboard, looking [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

I went home to the city this morning and spent a quiet evening by myself, in a large hotel overlooking the [illegible] harbor, which I went with the [illegible] [illegible] motion for the [illegible] "Hanging Matches", a [illegible] which proved our [illegible] [illegible]

When I came aboard they had quiet [illegible] and nothing [illegible] all night

Still here Thursday morning.

Thursday Sept 12, 1935

They began to load shortly after I came [illegible] Then 11 AM and we left Galveston at 10 A.M.

When I came on watch at noon we were off Galveston and shortly after the good old pilot was [illegible] from us. That was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

At about noon we [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Sept 13, 1935

Parade [illegible] [illegible] at midnight, [illegible] at 4:30 P.M. [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Still on the [illegible] at 8 A.M.

Sunday Sept 11, 1955

Lat 22 at midnight. Passed Sylvan [illegible] Cockerel at 2 A.M. Running [illegible] under jaws 12 until we lost sight of [illegible] on Cape Cornwallis. It was [illegible] [illegible] passed the west [illegible] [illegible] and that little light [illegible] the big Sylvan Stack was a blue [illegible] [illegible]

Slow Speed Point at 7 A.M.

Soundings at noon. Had my [illegible] [illegible] to do some work on the engine. [illegible] storm warnings are [illegible] [illegible] night but they were [illegible] [illegible]. Still we were able [illegible] up [illegible] the Cockerel, blowing which [illegible] [illegible] on the air.

As we neared the entrance to the Cockerel, the swells were rolling [illegible] [illegible] playful fashion [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

when a punch I tried to [illegible] on the [illegible] they put it which [illegible], with the [illegible] in it taking the place. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Monday Sept 16, 1935

Same Officers at watch. Calmed down all during the night.
About two hours off Port Huron at midnight time. Entered Cleveland harbor at 8 o'clock. Left Port Cleveland at 4 P.M. on a beautiful through the canal.
Clear, mild evening this evening with pretty moonlight.

Tuesday Sept 17, 1935

Began to blow strong from south east a little after midnight. By [illegible] I had to cover down the galley pipe [illegible] light on it was [illegible] in.
We were only here for a short while [illegible] at Cleveland pretty quiet by the time we reached Cleveland at noon.
I saw in the Cleveland paper that it

[illegible] this afternoon.

Began unloading as soon as we [illegible] get the hatches stripped. With their equipment up here and their slack double methods, they boast a speed of 100 tons per hour for a [illegible] night.

Went to a show tonight, and a very poor picture at [illegible].

Wednesday Sept 18, 1935

Dreamie invited that I help him [illegible] off a point, whereby [illegible] I then will invite me up for a few days, so my wish must just. But the after effects aren't going so just and the [illegible] watch is dragging along - with a hot [illegible], & this stifling [illegible] [illegible].

Now we are out on the lake again and it sure feels. Almost a week when we left Cleveland [illegible]. [illegible] are [illegible] for Superior

Thursday Sept 19, 1935

[illegible] night until about 4:00 [illegible] a [illegible]

up.

arrived at Buffalo at 2 P.M.

We unscrewed & carried all the [illegible] our water we will be [illegible] the partition in #1 hold and transferring the wheat in #2. Looked at the Buffalo waterworks, right off Buffalo River.

Let go lines at 7:15 and headed for Port Colborne.

Heavy rain from the west and lightning on western horizon.

Friday Sept 20, 1935

Just entering the pound locks tonight when I saw our water. We were forced to tie up above locks #1 for our entrance and by a close hook only proceeded on for in locks #2.

Cleared Port Colborne breakwall at 7:10.

Warm mild afternoon with very little wind and a bright sun. Worked down decks and mopped the quarter aft. Filled drinking water tanks.

About 3 this afternoon a cloud bank shared up over the western horizon and we heard a lot of lightning there. But it looks black and threatening though still far away.

Receiving, we got home at 7:00 P.M.

Today cruise began at 11 a.m. and here I am just in the middle of Lake Ontario and eastward bound at this.

7:30 P.M

Saturday Sept 21, 1935

Damp mild night. Entered locks 8 at Oswego at 2:25 11 May the town clock, which is plainly visible from the locks.

Fulton at 6 P.M

This afternoon scrubed forward quarter and the decks trimmings.

The leaves are beginning to turn color along the Oswego river and the canal, making the countryside pretty, with dashes of color here and there

Sunday Sept 22, 1935

Patches of fog all night - made only the usual look on our watch. Back 14 at 6 A.M.

Back 17 at noon. I always like to go through the locks on the afternoon watch because the country round about looks pretty is so interesting. Rocky rugged hills with trees clinging to the rocks and shore. The reddish brown granite (?) lending a suggestion of the river and canal

[illegible] of New England. The strong wind [illegible] rolling days were over the hillsides - which caused us a little lay the Driving shower of the Mohawks working down the valley. — One hour of this weather carry the memories of hours & hours of blue water and leaden skies.

Monday Sept 23, 1935

We met on watch at Locks #13 and off watch at #10.
Cold & very clear tonight.
In locks #6 when I came on for the afternoon watch.
Passed Troy at 3:30 in the afternoon
Today was a perfect early fall day with bright sun and clear wing blue sky.

Tuesday Sept 24, 1935 &
Wednesday the 25th

Rain - Rain

Made Troy in the Hudson tonight after much strenuous energy had been exerted by the mate we finally dropped anchor - being at the time right off the Hudson station at Hyde Park N.Y.
Thick as soup all night.

Tuesday afternoon we left Hudson
West we watch at Bear Mountain
bridge at noon, and were still on watch
when we tied up at Commercial Dock in
Brooklyn.

We passed Manhattan in the lower
part of the bay for quite a ways. Cars
jeeps, trucks, jeeps, fighters and all sorts
of with boats were shuttling back and forth
cutting across our bow and chugging up
and down the Hudson
and into the harbor.

We left for Mt. Vernon as soon as
possible and stayed there for the night
Came aboard again at noon Wednesday.

We went home to the city with friends
for the evening. The weather evening except for
some rain and on Broadway near 46th
St., where we saw a man who had just
been struck by a car and
lying in an ambulance.

Great numbers of young communists
were parading in Times Square singing
songs of the Abe Lincoln Brigade.

When I came back to the ship at
noon, there were sailors, officers
and civilians on the old moon dock
being searched by the U.S. Marshall
and Somebody, at checking the engineers, the U.S.
Marshal for non payment of his dues

due the number of passengers to fill the [illegible] / [illegible] were left quite put in [illegible] Detroit. The bill was for 735 [illegible] [illegible] to have the engine [illegible] [illegible] but the skipper had the [illegible] [illegible] right over to the pier [illegible] [illegible]. This more brought the [illegible] immediately, but we were already there as the gangs were on the very out.

Thursday Sept 26, 1935

When I came on deck at [illegible] / the gangs were out and the hatch [illegible] closed at 1:30

We got the lines at 2:00 and proceeded [illegible] the river (East River) to the usual [illegible] [illegible] at Bergen St, Bergenpt, Brooklyn. [illegible] are berthed in the vicinity of Manhattan [illegible] - about opposite 54th St in Manhattan.

Was my check up to want [illegible] [illegible] - a much quicker trip than I expected as you can get up to Manhattan [illegible] in 15 minutes via the subway, which is rather close by.

I came back aboard at 12 o'clock sharp and found the ship completely deserted. As I had managed to take the first part / of [illegible] I changed my clothes and

[illegible] in the great [illegible] [illegible] nothing, nothing, by the light of our oil lamp. This oil lamp [illegible] reminds me of these days in [illegible]

Memories, the crew struggled on [illegible] the night but the old man and the chief have gone home, at least for the night.

Now you's presents a rather interesting picture from here, with the [illegible] [illegible] steadily across and the [illegible] lights showing across the black waters of the East River. Every once in a while a [illegible] [illegible] travels out into the black night and [illegible] that would date, their [illegible] the [illegible] of the city. The water lapping against the [illegible] sides of warships and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of mangrove, [illegible] [illegible] the end, the present [illegible]

3:30 P.M.

Friday Sept 27, 1935

Turned in at 3 last night and got up at 11:30 today. When I came on deck we were at pier 26 Brooklyn. There we loaded a course cotton fabric, "Kapok" which was shipped from British India - in 800 lb. bales.

At Dupont St we loaded raw cotton and chocolate & chocolate products. Next

4 o'clock in the afternoon we left pier 26 and returned to Dupont St.

Went over to the city and saw a show at a small theatre just west, Times Square - 10 ¢. Came aboard about 10:30 and turned in until 2.

I decided to go down in the hold and personally investigate the candy bar situation tonight. They are in cartons of 48 - 4 oz. bars and not extra good chocolate.

It is now 4:15 on the clock at Bellevue Hospital right across the river

Saturday Sept. 28, 1935

Left Dupont St. Brooklyn at 4:10 A.M. and proceeded down the East River, through Buttermilk Channel and across the harbor to Kill Van Kull, up Newark Bay to Port Newark N.J. Docked at 6:30 A.M.

Later shifted up alongside the S.S. Virginia and loaded bunker direct from her deck cargo.

Began loading about 1:30 P.M. Large timber - 12"x12" + 15"x15" by 30 to 40 feet in length.

This is the 1st experience loading on deck - a large deck and overhead gantry for handling the large cargoes, [illegible] - we are the [illegible] ship

boat from Washington.

Cold, windy, foggy day. Helping to make the good favorable appearance of the country more evident. Nothing around but plants and swamps.

Right below us are tied up five of the old Erie ships - the Santa Maria, Santa ~~Teresa~~ Teresa, Santa Teresa and two others.

The S.S. Prussian of the Prussian American line was towed in here by a tug yesterday but a heavy starboard list for which I could see no apparent cause. The "Steel Age" and the "American Trader" are docked here this afternoon. Port Newark is evidently a busy harbor.

Sunday Sept. 29, 1935

Stopped loading at midnight as I was another pulley wheel + bull sprocket. Turned in finally at 3 and slept until noon.

Loaded timber into #3 hold all afternoon. Shifted over to the dock about 1. Went over to Newark tonight and bought a few things, Cokes etc.

10:00 P.M.

Monday Sept 30, 1935

Loaded all night but very slowly.

[illegible] the [illegible] line of [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] which [illegible] on our deck. [illegible] [illegible] there are 5 and a [illegible] are at the [illegible] time, waiting for landing [illegible].
8:00 P.M.

Wednesday Oct 2, 1935

Left Port Moresby at 5 A.M, a clear, still, cold morning
Crossed the bay with a few [illegible] and had [illegible] with us [illegible] the harbour. Passed Cape Moresby at 12:30
Cooler [illegible] than around here and the [illegible] along the harbour are [illegible] with the color of changing leaves.
Passed Pangkangaia about 3:45.

Thursday Oct 3, 1935

Docked at 8 at 1 P.M
A strong east wind came up this morning. Chipped rust on deck until 1:30 and then cleaned the rest of the water [illegible] a few odd jobs. Here are a lot of [illegible] at Lae #11.
Began to blow hard a gale [illegible] of the afternoon. Deck [illegible] a rocky night
Last night we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the

[illegible] that might have [illegible]. If [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] figures and we not [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Saturday Oct 5, 1935

Weather cold last night with a stiff west wind blowing. We set our watch when we went to bed very carefully, off watch [illegible] 1 [illegible] P.M.

Arrived at Charlevoix at 11 o'clock. Put up rigging as usual but loped on the main behind the boom, for the wind is so [illegible] somewhat. The water coming in the harbor has indicate considerable wind in the bay on the lake, also the spray washing over the breakwall.

While putting up the rigging here it began to snow a little, which snow is very early even for this climate.

Put in the rolling lake near and fishing ~~[illegible]~~ merrily along with the wind & waves dead ahead. Cold clear night with a moderate west to nor'west wind.

Sunday Oct 6, 1935

Our mare night has succeeded over the lake rather plain and we are sailing along on quiet waters. Arrived at Port Dalhousie at 10 this morning and arrived Port Colborne at 3 P.M. Cold day, sailing on the Welland canal.

It is a great moonlight night with a light [illegible] wind and [illegible], [illegible] warm. There is no [illegible] but the air is [illegible].

Monday Oct 7, 1935

Long Point light was just [illegible] when I came on watch at midnight. Light northwest wind and cool.

Arrived at Cleveland, cast anchor to [illegible] at 11:30. Worked in the afternoon [illegible] the bungalow bunks to look about a week and a half [illegible].

The bungalowmen went right to work [illegible] are working furiously getting [illegible] shipped off.

Got a pair of shoes paid & bought a [illegible] Briggs lantern.

Tuesday Oct 8, 1935

Finished unloading the barge at [illegible] o'clock this afternoon. Tugged down to the National Terminal dock to unload the gasoline freight in #1 hold.

The most important development, [illegible] that we are going to change our [illegible]. The answer, this morning is the 1st

[illegible] engineer [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] if it
[illegible]. I hope it is so it would be a good
[illegible] to work [illegible], and [illegible] a good [illegible]
[illegible].

The story is that we will go in [illegible]
[illegible] Dragons and then to Chicago. In the
[illegible] there will be plenty of [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] school to do [illegible] we do [illegible] Chicago.

Wound up [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with a
light [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
8.00 P.M.

Wednesday Oct 7, 1925

Wednesday is [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] in this [illegible] day has passed.
[illegible] at Hendon Germans in [illegible]
[illegible] 10 P.M. [illegible] the rest of the [illegible]
[illegible] 41 [illegible] and then [illegible] [illegible] to
the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Went [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] 250 so we were [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] on [illegible] [illegible] we met the [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] half over now. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and I think we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Although Dennis was an [illegible] [illegible] we got back he also had a good part of me and persuaded me to go [illegible] [illegible] the shopping [illegible] [illegible]. The result, [illegible] [illegible] will be a blessing to all concerned, both those who have to shop with a [illegible] young [illegible] sticking a stick [illegible] [illegible] their [illegible], and also to the poor [illegible] [illegible] waiting there.

The [illegible] is coming out very [illegible] [illegible] the big electric [illegible] at the [illegible], with all their hooks and gadgets.

4:00 P.M.

Thursday Oct. 10, 1935 Paid -$32.50

Slept until noon today, when I got up with a very big head and a decided [illegible] hangover. Felt O.K by afternoon [illegible] [illegible] my sleep. Nasty grey [illegible] day, quite mild however. Now it [illegible] [illegible] and getting [illegible] [illegible].

Tangled up with our price [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 2.00 P.M.

Sunday Oct 11, 1935

Still [illegible] at 8 P.M.
Not much to write about except the [illegible] action
Church & I held and had a little [illegible]. Chopping [illegible] are not yet [illegible].

[illegible] around a half ton of coal.
Cool all day with a little rain.
I read in the paper that Europe is going to put an [illegible] embargo on Italy & sell arms to Ethiopia. That looks [illegible] it appears as though the [illegible] were just [illegible].

Monday Oct 12, 1935

Lake Erie as flat as a mill pond with not a breath of air - but a very slight swell from northeastward.
Skipped supper tonight because I knew I was getting a fever and didn't feel very good. Bed early

Sunday Oct 13, 1935

They called the watch at 11:30 last

night but I felt it impossible to get out of my bunk. We were out in the lake, while anyway so I wasn't needed.

When I got up this morning we were tied up at the Standard Oil Co dock on Buffalo Creek. Mr. Peterson told me to get a hospital ticket from the old man and go to the Marine Hospital in Buffalo. I told him I was sick but that there was no reason to lose my job for just missing one watch and further that I thought I could turn to in the afternoon. This argument I also put up to the old man and he agreed that if I could stand my watches it was O.K with him.

I stood my watch all right but I was wobbly enough. The worst of it all was that although Sunday there was a lot of hard work to be done — uncover ⁴ a hatch and stand by for loading the new cargo. A thoroughly miserable afternoon but the weather gave me a break as it was very mild and sunny with a light southwesterly breeze.

We fueled this morning at the Standard Oil dock and then moved down to the Buffalo Canal Terminal. When we arrived there, there were several huge piles of barrels on the dock and these, I soon found were to be our cargo. The barrels were filled with resin — thousands of barrels of it — all bound for Milwaukee. Plus the load of resin we are

also going to load some cargo at Fairport Ohio.

Monday Oct 14, 1935

Loaded resin all day. Mac + I painted outside this afternoon - "die ewige Buchstaben."

This evening the holds were full and we began to spread a deck load, and a thick coat of barrels is something great to walk over in the dark.

Cashed my check finally, with the help of the steward. Bought a couple rolls of film and two pairs of socks this afternoon.

Mild all day but the wind has shifted into the north-west and it's getting cooler.

Tuesday Oct 15, 1935

Left Buffalo at 11:30 last night. Fresh northwest wind which shifted into the north-east, bearing directly against us.

Bright clear day on the lake, with a fresh breeze bringing up the whitecaps. Passed inside the breakwall at Fairport, [illegible] in the afternoon. No [illegible] tonight.

Although this is only a small [illegible] there are immense unloading [illegible]

[illegible] in the harbor [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Wednesday Oct 16, 1935

Last night I woke up with a pounding in my ears and couldn't sleep. There being no facilities on board for alleviating pain, there was nothing to do but get up and keep moving. I got some broken sleep however until 3 O'clock when I got up and went aft. Slightly feverish again.

The afternoon watch was another hour agony to keep moving. We were assigned to painting over the side again but I managed to sleep on deck. Another little job we had was having a ton of soda ash board which was not very pleasant when the effect was accompanied by a splitting head-ache.

Ate nothing today but some soup at [illegible] and a little rice at night - this seems to be producing good results [illegible] since I feel much better tonight.

Still loading soda-ash - began at 1 this morning.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Thursday Oct 11, 1934

Harold Fingart [illegible] at 9 [illegible] last night. I was awake until [illegible] on the [illegible] - corner.

An interesting episode occurred last night. Gallivanting [illegible] Brown [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], glamorously [illegible], and, coming in at 5:30, he refused to [illegible] and was [illegible] to wait for his watch at 6. Being about hundred, there was not enough [illegible] to carry my brother so the old man had to help.

Jenny Brown [illegible] to be [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] to [illegible].

Arrived at Detroit about 2 this afternoon. Mr Peterson, the uncle got [illegible] and I [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] followed. [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Peterson are in the [illegible] [illegible].

The new uncle is Mr Anderson, [illegible] [illegible]. He's an old man but [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

Also got a new [illegible]-hand. He is very [illegible] so I have a new [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] and a new [illegible] to take [illegible] place. He had some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the old [illegible], which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Entering [illegible] at [illegible].

Friday, Oct 18, 1935 –

Passed Sankaty Pt. Light at 2 P.M. in a gray and blustery storm. It was a wet rainy night, most of which we spent in our slow passage up the St. Lawrence river.

I guess the mate made a pretty good job of a tough tow for waste, the way he kept through rough. We just grazed one or other of the navigating all the while waste in the Gulf. Quite some job especially for us in our small waste, while standing on a tug tender which is set on a rolling log. I was left hanging around twice but it was figure.

It was quite rough today, especially in Cabot Strait, strong westerly winds. Sankaty Pt light shown at 5:30 P.M.

Saturday Oct 19, 1935 –

Had night with a light sea running. Passed through the ~~Straits~~ Strait of Belle Isle at 12:30 today. The sea has been a beautiful night today – the water [illegible] up of a strong wind and to [illegible] a sea like. [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] Gulf. [illegible] the [illegible] point of St. Lawrence

[illegible] City [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] passed [illegible] steamer [illegible] passed the [illegible] boundary buoy of [illegible] zone.

Last night's passage.

	[illegible]	5:30	[illegible]
St	[illegible]	5:30	[illegible]
[illegible];	[illegible]	2:00	[illegible]
	Shelter gear	6:30	[illegible]

Book 44

Monday Oct 21, 1935

Passed the remote beacon at [illegible] marine station at 12:30 last night. Our [illegible] on the outer beacon - [illegible] Lake #1

When I came on deck at midnight and night, the lights of Milwaukee were pretty weak to starboard. I put down the [illegible] for distance but [illegible] [illegible] thick weather.

This morning was blowing hard from the southwest and a driving rain was setting in making a rotten night on deck.

I went over to the city this morning to get a letter at the Post office and buy a few things, cigarettes etc which I put in [illegible] everything we shall clean up and it would kill them I signed on [illegible] on the United Trans Lake and [illegible] the [illegible]. It was raining and blowing and I found a [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] station. Glad to meet the [illegible] of the steamer [illegible].

We are docked at one [illegible] the [illegible] passed such quite [illegible] up in the [illegible], [illegible], [illegible]

[illegible] carpenter plant. In order to get down there from the ship it is necessary to walk about two miles, around the bend, the Kennebunkport River over to the electric trolley line. While waiting for the big polyphonic I walked by the big carpenter plant and observed that there was a small launch running back and forth across the rather narrow river because as I could see the trolley was running just a block away across the river and just a short long distance I decided to try my luck at a passage on the launch. I walked down and found it about just ready to leave and the skipper of the little boat was quite [illegible] at first but I managed to persuade him and he even promised to have me back when I returned from some time. We had no passenger signs to [illegible] people but and it was a common [illegible] boat was supposed to be for the use of employees only.

This afternoon Mr. Anderson and myself got another pass and started in [illegible] down the [illegible] and [illegible] up again & again, just to get down in good working order the [illegible] the part of the machine particularly expected to come into the [illegible]

on [illegible] and we had to get the
[illegible] in [illegible] and drive most
[illegible] in [illegible]. While fishing on the
[illegible] one day the [illegible]
[illegible] pinched my watch right out of the
[illegible] pocket of my dungarees and I
[illegible] that — [illegible] might work [illegible]
[illegible]. I got the thing cheap in a [illegible]
[illegible] but it was the most perfect time
piece I have ever seen. Among the other
[illegible] was the 17 jewels and gold in
[illegible] porcelain face. At the time I lost the
watch had passed a minute in
[illegible] it 26 days ago in New York.

Six [illegible] watches fiddles. [illegible]

The [illegible] wind beginning [illegible]
might have continued and the [illegible]
[illegible] kept up. This afternoon it stopped
[illegible] but remained [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] seem to me to be [illegible] weather
for this time of year and in this
part of the country.

All day long the moonlight and the
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
from the [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] the lake. And all day long the
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in from the
[illegible] so that we certainly [illegible] the
[illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Tuesday October 22, 1935

We anchored during the night, so I was another long "getting ready" and still asleep.

When we I decided to try a hike / [illegible] with [illegible] but we were after walking a mile or so failed to find any place. Now there was to be expected changes, I guess, we at dinner got to [illegible] [illegible] until nearly 1 P.M. [illegible] began while again early this morning and the last of the hole crew were off at 12:30. We set up the [illegible] about 1 o'clock and hooked it onto the tube. The wind shifted with the weather last night and is blowing from the morning, but as we were [illegible] around due south, we have the wind and the tide against. It was quite rough for a while however when we were heading east and cut the tube and the wind over [illegible]. Now, the wind [illegible] began to veer off the higher [illegible] and the tide [illegible], so we went down with flashlights and put up some rope lashings for [illegible]. We ate a native dangerous [illegible], [illegible] the black bird, a [illegible], with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], which is very [illegible], shifting on the ship [illegible] and

[illegible] stood dazzling with a fierce light.

After the storm was nearly over, the moon had risen and shone, the trees which were glittering with ice, gleam and glance, sparkling like crystal stars.

I held my afternoon [illegible] a very [illegible] and large.

Wednesday Oct 23, 1935

When I came in sight of Washington for my mother a very striking scene burst forth in the west. Behind [illegible] the tall buildings and lights of Washington sit in the capital shown with a startling brilliance and clarity. Soon [illegible] following the line shore, were the [illegible] of a [illegible] of [illegible] bright stand were the [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] lights. All in the south, the glare of many [illegible] and the towns on the south and west [illegible] the lake. All in bottom, the [illegible] lights, [illegible] fences and [illegible] lamps, bending [illegible] the [illegible], all of which were set in the [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] night. A [illegible] were [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] built. Cables [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

I only [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of the whole [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Strange spectacle, I don't know the city but it is so strange we leave. Huge towers, where tall buildings are needed, by a [illegible] height giving the illusion of depth to the picture.

Tied up at North Pier, right opposite the Peter Paul Candy factory. The Trellan Tower is directly ahead of us a few blocks away. The Loop and the downtown district just a short walk.

Went to a movie this evening with George and the two girls. The show was good but we got a good look around the downtown district and "Loop". Gee, where - where do they all come from?

Friday Oct 25, 1935

Our cargo here is unloading (unpacked) and they begin to look as we move as we struggled the hatches. The consignment is 6000 barrels [illegible] but I doubt if it will all go in.

Mac and George and I went up the city part of our watch and took a few beers I was fed enough to be the only man [illegible] so the inevitable happened.

The old man brought our checks down to us at noon when we were [illegible] to leave. There was a [illegible] in [illegible] so there's no way of cashing them

[illegible] and we met [illegible] a [illegible] N.J.

Left the dock at 1:30 and passed the [illegible] breakwater at 2 P.M.

It was warm enough today to wear the [illegible] we [illegible] short sleeves and [illegible] pants, the [illegible] coat [illegible] come on [illegible] pants [illegible].

Wind gentle to moderate southwest. [illegible] [illegible] along as quietly as [illegible] a [illegible].

I snapped several pictures of [illegible] as we were leaving but I don't think they will be any good because of the haze which is in the air

Saturday Oct 26, 1935

An excellent day. The lake was as quiet as [illegible] a summer day, with just a gentle breeze from the south east. There is a few drops last night but was sunny all day.

Worked on deck part, the afternoon painted mantelpiece and the [illegible] light [illegible].

Passed Sturgeon Bay at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Lake Michigan will now be merging into Lake Huron.

Sunday Oct 27, 1935

A very black overcast night. Officers, especially the skipper, being in doubt as to our position, our officers were on pin points looking for lights. The reason I presume, is that the compass is somewhat off, as often happens in this region because of the proximity of iron ranges.

At any rate they had me stop the first home looking for a light that should be a little off the starboard bow. I finally picked it up about 4 points on the starboard bow.

I was glad to get down from my watch because of the cold, damp air and my insufficient clothing. When I ~~came~~ came up from below for my watch I didn't expect to be sent up atop the pilot house with some more first mate jacket and sweater.

The wind is northwest and steadily increasing so we are fast rolling easily along. We had the wind with us since leaving Duluth, the direction veering to suit us as we shifted our course.

Passed Forty mile point this afternoon. Mackinac Straits sometime this morning. Unique Isle light shown late this afternoon.

7:00 P.M

Monday Oct 28, 1935

A dreary, cold night with occasional rain.

Private aux Barques light on the starboard beam at 5:45. I remember that because the mate took a fair point bearing on the light to ascertain our distance from the Michigan shore.

Except for a fairly energetic gale of about 10 or 11 last night there was hardly a breath of wind in the last 24 hours. At daybreak the lake was flat and somewhat foggy with a gray haze.

This afternoon the lake was a glassy calm with not a ripple to the surface. We painted on deck most of the afternoon and I worked until late in the afternoon on my short sleeves it was so mild.

Entered the mouth of the St Clair river about 2.30 this afternoon. They must have had some good navigating last night & today because I couldn't see Gratiot Pt light until it was about a mile off, yet we were steering a course just about right to make the mouth of the St Clair.

I can't help but put in some words here about the country around the lower St. Clair. It is intensely dreary, especially down near the lake - flat land stretching to

[illegible] Tarpon and [illegible] in
[illegible] pretty tired of a [illegible] day.
We are now about anchoring some place
[illegible] Pier and I can see the [illegible]
up to on the shore, just maybe.

7:15 P.M

Tuesday Oct 24, 1935

Arrived at the Detroit Harbor Terminals at 9 o'clock. For what reason I don't know, but the old man is tying up the for two or three hours.

Went ashore with several of the fellows for a few beers, but we stayed much longer than intended and didn't get back to the docks until near 12. The old man was walking up & down, waiting for us and he was just getting ready to sail without us - waited now for over two hours.

As soon as we were aboard the lines were let go and we headed down the river.

Scouge produced a bottle tonight and having some of the whiskey the sailors had tapped from us of the trip in the hold. We passed it around and we all tried it, and not much to our satisfaction, not least. The whiskey plus the beer commenced to get [illegible] Scouge staying, when I

[illegible] but I got by.
Oil, though the [illegible] the kitchen [illegible]
[illegible] very place to [illegible] the [illegible]
with the constant changing of course.
How I hated to hear that "let her go
S.E. by S. 1/4 S.," or, "starboard a point."
After we had gotten a wrap and
[illegible] this it began to rain and blow
a little from the southeast. Warm night.

This afternoon we passed the [illegible]
under a threatening sky which finally
broke into rain. The point of course [illegible]
[illegible] ran off and down into the
[illegible], making red streaks along
the shore side beneath the wrapper.
The lake was glassy calm all day until
it began to rain when the wind came
light from the south and east. Now it
is squally with a very poor barometer.
[illegible] night but not cold.

Wednesday Oct 30, 1935

Practically a dead calm on the
[illegible] waters of Erie. Arrived at
Port Colborne Ont. at 5:45 P.M. with
the [illegible] engine [illegible] on the breakwater
and the anchor being brought up from
[illegible] up on shore. Have been

a more assured [illegible]!

At noon we were just leaving Lock 3 - Welland Canal. Cleared Port Weller harbor at 4:45 by the ships clock. Hazy and foggy on Ontario. This afternoon the weather was fairly well settled - the canal - a hazy sun and no wind. I noticed that the leaves on the poplars along the canal are still green and [illegible] looking

Thursday Oct. 31, 1935

A pea soup fog all night on Lake Ontario. About 10 or 10:30 they began to blow fog signals and I gave up trying to sleep.

Though so thick you couldn't see from forward aft we kept on going at full speed. The old man warned us to keep both eyes open for ships whistles, but I only heard one during the whole watch. That one kept coming closer and closer in the dense obscurity, but finally passed astern, or [illegible] source of sound.

The old man was nervous as to our position and we took several soundings during the night to help ascertain the exact position of the ship. Once we had [illegible] fathoms and the [illegible]

[illegible] coming in 25 fathoms of
[illegible] line with a 30 lb weight at the
end.

About 3:30 the fog cleared off and
a barge came up out of the south east.

Went on watch at noon in lee of
bunks and off watch noon three days
Desert

Painted all afternoon - deck nearly
finished by noon.

Though the landscape looked wintry,
along the Durango River it was a warm
mild day - so mild that I worked in my
shirt sleeves all afternoon. About a
month ago it was snowing when we were
in Durango.

Friday Nov. 1, 1935 -

In the Canyon lined from 2:30 until
midnight, or, last night. Warm clear night,
light east to south east wind.

Lines #15 shortly after noon, setting
lines #14 at 6 o'clock

The Mohawk River is flooding but
we are just able to get through. Little Falls
at 2:30

Warm all afternoon - the south east
wind still blows.

At 10 minutes last night we tied up at Fonda, a little below lock #10. Still [illegible] [illegible] this morning. Reason for the delay is high water and cut off currents in the Mohawk River.

The countryside looks wintry and bare the leaves are all gone and the "meadows" look "brown and sere". Yes there were coming winds too and gray skies - a real November day.

Locks #1 Troy at 8 P.M.

Sunday Nov 3, 1935

Catskill bridge at midnight - Poughkeepsie at 6 A.M.

Tied up at Castle Point pier, Hoboken N.J. at 3:30.

Went up to Net Union for the night.

Warm and sultry again

Monday Nov, 4, 1935

Bought a hat & pair of shoes. Bought my overcoat.

Worked hard all afternoon. Handled [illegible] and [illegible] from the [illegible]

one of the passing lighters [illegible].
Still unloading our cargo but not nearly ready to leave - this time by way of Sandy Hook and the Jersey Coast.
6:30 P.M.

Tuesday Nov 5, 1935

Left the dock at Hoboken at 11 last night. There was a misty rain and a fresh north wind blowing up the Hudson as we followed the tide out to sea. The tall towers of downtown Manhattan were partially obscured by the flying mists and low lying clouds, lending an air of stern and gloom as we passed down the harbor.

Out in Gotham channel we began to pitch and roll heavily in the rough seas and outside of Sandy Hook we began to get some spectacular magnificent views of the tide. The wind is fresh, with cold and dead ahead.

Off Sea Girt New Jersey a thick fog suddenly settled down. I had gone down for a cup of coffee, when the long line of lights on the Jersey coast was still bright and clear. When I came up on deck I couldn't see a thing but thick fog all around. I was not eager to see much thick fog on the Jersey coast but there was

ing so as about it as we left Port Jeffery.

About 12:30 this afternoon the fog began to thin out the wind to come up. Shortly after this the buildings of Atlantic City became visible at a distance of what I would estimate at 10 miles. It looked like a phantom city in the range, coming out of the sea, as no land was visible beneath it.

We sailed down the decks this afternoon and the waters were blue and warm. It does on deck the little white capped waves like glass in the sun.

Late this afternoon the wind began to increase until it was blowing from the southeast southeast. Hence we sailed pretty briskly. Standing at the port side life boat and looking across the ship one can see the stage of the starboard life boat dipping completely below the horizon making the deck slope at what I would say is a ten degree angle, both ways, from the perpendicular. The sailing vessel is not jerky and jerky though, as it is on the lakes when rough, but is rather a smoother and heavier motion making one long much easier even though the deck actually slopes more.

Towards morning the wind freshened

[illegible] and as we [illegible] around [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] was pretty rough, but I
had no trouble getting to sleep [illegible] the
[illegible] on the [illegible], right
[illegible] my head was swinging [illegible]
[illegible] with each lurch of the ship.

The most distressing factor in the
[illegible] is the noise from below. The
[illegible] people write cards and [illegible]
[illegible] only [illegible] is hang the [illegible]
[illegible] are all out of [illegible]. [illegible]
many [illegible] of it, [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] part to stateroom [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] motion of the ship but [illegible]
[illegible] breathe [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] simple, and [illegible] [illegible]
a [illegible] but not totally [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] on the [illegible], one may [illegible]
[illegible] suspect he is at sea.

On Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1935

[illegible] off the coast and, the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] last night, [illegible]
[illegible] morning at 6 o'clock. The wind
[illegible] blowing into the northwest and it
[illegible] [illegible] during the night. The [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] -14°.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

to go up Delaware Bay, we got the use and
[illegible] were [illegible] on the boom and
began to feel [illegible]. My partner
[illegible] to get groggy and at up and
[illegible] and got the light on. I felt [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] when I [illegible]
it, [illegible] we were going along quietly on
the Delaware River.

The trip through the canal took about
[illegible] hours. The canal is just a big ditch,
very flat along at the Delaware end
but higher at the eastern end. The [illegible]
locks are a ship after the flat [illegible]
[illegible] of the Delaware canal.

Chesapeake Bay seems quite [illegible]
wooden bridge - almost like bridge, [illegible]
bridge - [illegible] [illegible] with a [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]. [illegible] to the
[illegible] [illegible] / [illegible] below.

1:00 P.M.

Thursday, Nov 2, 1950 -

[illegible] in Baltimore at 10 [illegible]
I might just [illegible] to some [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
I [illegible] after [illegible] it - [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible].

I really got a few glimpses of the city
[illegible] night, we [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] here.

[illegible] large, [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] all they have. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] and a pretty independent lot they are.

[illegible] the [illegible] I happened to see [illegible] the [illegible] were a [illegible] and after it was rolled in the [illegible] [illegible] set up a [illegible] of these niggers [illegible] [illegible] it like [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] in this [illegible].

[illegible], pray, [illegible] [illegible] all day long.

Friday, Nov. 5, 1932 —

I could write more tonight than I have time or energy for.

We looked at Lyonnais Point [illegible] about midnight to look at that [illegible], [illegible] "sheep".

I [illegible] midnight until [illegible] [illegible] I hardly had time to look around. [illegible] the [illegible] had to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ship and been an exploration over around the whole world here. This is an enormous plant [illegible], I found out, about [illegible] men.

I got up close to the pounding [illegible] the coke plant and watched the [illegible] pouring coke from the hanging [illegible] to the pounding [illegible] the [illegible] but [illegible] very [illegible] coke. While better [illegible] is accompanied by tremendous clouds of steam and vapor which [illegible] above and fall in a rain, mixed and [illegible] H.S.V.

Also watched the pouring of the hot [illegible] into the waiting bottle, the process accompanied by tremendous [illegible] and [illegible] like a mammoth [illegible].

Watched with the power house and [illegible] the generators engines [illegible] [illegible], observing their huge pistons [illegible] back to and fro and turning [illegible] gentlemen flywheels, many times [illegible] weight, around unknown.

I observed the tapping of what they [illegible] here is the most prodigious blast [illegible] in the entire world. It has been in continuous operation for a [illegible] and has produced more [illegible] than any other furnace in the [illegible] and time. The tapping through [illegible]

the coast are [illegible] it is [illegible] to [illegible] is just for [illegible]

We saw [illegible] and [illegible] light [illegible] the west wind.

1:30 P.M.

Saturday Nov 9, 1935

I [illegible] landing a few minutes after [illegible] it was [illegible] Lucky Point on Clear Creek Bay.

We [illegible] from the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] for the trip up the coast. The [illegible] job including the [illegible] job [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

[illegible] night, a [illegible] day with a cold wind and [illegible] north east wind. Rounded Cape May at 4 A.M. and a gray dawn began to light the east shortly after. The wind [illegible] under the light and at breakfast at 6 we were rolling heavily. For the first time since we have aboard we had to hold the dishes down to the table while eating. The coffee in the mugs sloshed from side to side and made it a general mess for a breakfast table.

Despite the uncomfortable rolling I made a hearty breakfast and then went on deck to have a smoke and fresh air.

In windward were the glowing rolling sea, gray and white under the lowering sky — spotted here and there with white sails and masses of foam. Our windward bow was smashing the sea high and wide, flinging a fleece of foam a hundred and fifty feet to windward. The waves were heavy and we were to learn that the troopers were squeezing at each seam of [illegible] and consequently the whole fore [illegible] would be soaked, which with the motion of the ship's motion, would cause [illegible] of the troopers, [illegible] the water decks wet and slippery.

[illegible] off the lifeboat and [illegible] we get to the [illegible] deck

he is at the helm, the sheets are [illegible] the main sheets away and trapped the jibing boom, always watching the weather and then toggling the other way. The boom was big and deep, slender and bendy and an irregular figure 8 section, which strongly resembles a pirate flag for port aft, meaning the other tack and then sending it down into the hanger, the sense threatening which as the hanger pounds against the other.

Because the wind and sea was on the starboard bow, (which not permanently repaired) the old man was quite nervous and [illegible] considerable time checking the weather log. However we were still on course.

I turned in about 1:30 after seeing Cape May drop astern, but when I came on deck again at 11:30, the wind approached nearly the same. I found out shortly after 12 o'clock the old man judged the wind too much and headed back for Cape May. In the time we on the wind [illegible] Cape May he again turned to the east.

The wind freshened around noon and then began to ease off shortly during the afternoon. But the sea and swell is more or less as long because we are [illegible] the rolling seaport.

I heard a thumping on the hull. The

[This is whaling — the ship Brough
The Narrows N.Y. Harbor —
with a drunken pilot, whose name
I don't know.]

afternoon while walking forward I had
left me to take a flashlight and investigate
the forward hold with the black hold and found
that was the bunkers were about
as nothing on the out beneath it. I
[illegible] find that quickly. It was a
[illegible], which experience is here gone light
[illegible] and stood there in the bunkers, a
[illegible] ship in total darkness. Having
[illegible] balance depends wholly on muscle
[illegible] sense of equilibrium, not at all on
vision, which is such a help on the light.

The wind died down to a light breeze
from due east. Began to rain a little in
the afternoon and become black. Sometime
[illegible] I must be blowing hard still on
[illegible] the water and still running in
[illegible]
heavy.

4/ Arranged light at 7:00 P.M.

Monday Nov 11, 1918

When I went on watch [illegible] light
[illegible] exploding [Narrows is the
[illegible] light on the starboard
bow at 1:30 AM
[illegible] passed starboard light ship
[illegible] at Sandy Hook on the [illegible]
[illegible] 7:00 P.M. Began to drizzle a cold [illegible]
[illegible] the wind going up [illegible]
[illegible] and the [illegible]

D Rob

[illegible]

Then the second through Battleship [illegible] and went up the East River to Newport R.I., where we were to have some training for the Cleveland. The Cleveland was supposed to be other Cruiser, and the only incident was a neighborhood argument [illegible] the old man and a tiny boat skipper, who refused to budge and got run [illegible] for his pains.

About 6.30 we cleared down the East River and breakfast a strong flood tide in the Battery, where we tied up close to the Aquarium. A crowd, brass and "[illegible]" gathered immediately.

It is funny how some pictures take unexpected turns. Look you, during [illegible] I was [illegible] [illegible], feeling and [illegible] the Harbor, a [illegible] stranger to ships and to young sailors in practical experience yet. I was, today, I am on a boat tied up in the dark night when I stood and watched the ships go down Bay and [illegible]

What a strange feeling, as I [illegible] [illegible] a place [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] on a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] we left the Battery and [illegible] up the Hudson. stopped at the [illegible] Coal dock near Edgewater N.J. for some minor engine repairs. left there at 4:15

Tied up at Little Neck around 5:30 or [illegible] and we piled up the wire until a little [illegible] Yonkers where the anchor was let go.

Weather report for tomorrow is "[illegible] to cloudy and much colder".

Tuesday Nov 12, 1935

Pulled in anchor at 5:50 this morning. Just in time so that I could go down [illegible] the clam beds and other clams — [illegible] a few of the nastiest jobs on the [illegible] so since I have heard [illegible] authentic stories of dead [illegible] being pulled up by the clam [illegible] through the heavy [illegible] —

[illegible] point. [illegible] experiments [illegible] taking place when the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] brake let go.

When the fog lifted this morning we found ourselves directly in the path of the Spanish fleet. This was at 10:30, after having [illegible] a [illegible] exchange since 1:30.

Between 10:30 and 12:30 we passed very slowly with the fog thickening all the while. About a quarter to one, we sighted what is the local name of the rocks and [illegible] up at our starboard bow, near Point [illegible].

After anchoring a few minutes because of [illegible], the crew put us to work [illegible] the dining saloon - then [illegible] - anything to pass the time.

Shortly before 6 we left the lee of Point [illegible] and moved on up the sound, the fog having lifted some. Just above Port Wilt. Bridge we passed running a [illegible] by a few scant yards. I was [illegible] at the time but heard the yelling on deck.

Shortly after going below it began to blow from the north and turn much cold [illegible]. Yesterday's weather report was right, though somewhat belated.

At Anacortes, Oct 23, 1900

Rain [illegible] last night, right [illegible]

Canaseraga, a little above Sangerfield. We were hard aground and nearly a foot low in. We did not reach both anchors for two hours, when we finally came loose and only after the tide had turned and after burning considerable coal down the river.

Rained a little all night, cold and miserable.

Got to lock #1 at Troy at 2:30 this afternoon. Raining rain all afternoon & Hudson River looks pretty foul.

At lock #1 we learned that by order of the Superintendent, all boats in the canal must clear by 4 o'clock this afternoon because of high water in the Mohawk River.

Tied up alongside the wall between locks #3 and #4. Still raining

Thursday Nov. 4, 1886

Last night went ashore with much, and during the course of the morning got rid of I believe our worst snags. That probably ends my adventures for the rest of the season so I don't send much more news on this.

Ate dinner in Utica, drinking beer with Anthony Adams, about 3 o'clock. Much congested with go to Troy and I spend the

[illegible] at night and [illegible] [illegible]
at 1 P.M.

I had a very large [illegible] the afternoon which would helped any by [illegible] on the [illegible] and painting the steps and the railing. Expected results, a very [illegible]!!

I noticed last night that the [illegible] "[illegible] on the Beach" is playing on [illegible], so I thought I'd go down and see it.

Was much fun to see, even though on a screen, the long, thundering Pacific combers break on the beach only a few [illegible] away, to hear the gulls and [illegible] birds sing, see the palm trees [illegible] and watch the trade winds push the billowy white clouds across the sun of the world, just a reflection of our [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the usual hour. If luck is usual I might see
[illegible] you the night, as we had up just a
the lock.

Whether unfortunately with the effect
[illegible] that lock day a rule kept
me on lock chipping and painting.

Thought, coming into lock, the usual
crowd for [illegible] we were just preparing to
[illegible] a line ashore. The men were [illegible]
[illegible] from the pilot house to get the
line to the lock, but as I was working on
[illegible] I was a very critical moment.
The only thing I could see to do was jump
from the deck to the lock, risk the good
[illegible] I did this in very rapid
[illegible] so that I [illegible] to be left on the
[illegible] as the ship was beginning to head
away in the current. The completion of the
[illegible] was accompanied by the usual
[illegible] [illegible] of that hoisted [illegible]
[illegible] who were hanging out, the pilot
house giving me the most complete verbal
[illegible] his own heart. Paying no attention
[illegible] to his screaming I threw several
[illegible] the line around the [illegible] and
succeeded in holding the ship [illegible].
Then for the first time I looked up, and we
[illegible] saw the reason for the [illegible]
[illegible]. A man was calmly standing on
a lock watching us. I hadn't seen him
on the [illegible] before, but the [illegible]

[illegible] all his [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

It was cold blow from the east all day. Was
[illegible] cold and rainy with heavy swells
Church was the black hills - a gloomy
cold dull day

[illegible] at [illegible] tonight

Sunday Nov 17, 1935

Cast off at shortly after midnight. A
bitter cold night and we took most of
the [illegible] heaves. Tied up below deck at 13 waiting
for entrance and were there close to six
hours.

The canal is so full of traffic we only
made the lock from #18 to #19 this afternoon

We had to stay on deck most of the time
waiting to keep an eye on the lines. Tied
up no objection, I bought a magazine and
read, standing by the deck winch.

Began to snow on deck 17, around six
o'clock. When I went below after supper there
was about an inch on the hatches.

Monday Nov. 18, 1935

In the Soo lock until 5:30 ~~last~~
this morning. Wind off water which fill

Crossing Lake Huron

It snowed a little last night between 9 o'clock and midnight. The wind veered to northwest and it was blowing strong on Lake Huron

Weather at ~~midnight~~ twelve noon, Chicago at 6 P.M. Hauled a load of coal shovel in Lock # 7.

It began to clear this afternoon and the sun shone for the first time since leaving Baltimore 1 days ago.

Three letters for me at Chicago.

Sunday Nov 19, 1950

Cleared Chicago breakwall at nine o'clock last night and headed west on Lake Ontario. Moderate westerly wind, and smooth sea

Passed Bradstreet Rt at 4 P.M.

Cold, nasty night, but no rain.

Passed inside Port Weller breakwater at 1 P.M. Welland Canal full of lake ocean traffic. Waited over an hour in lock # 1 - three ships ahead, two behind and two coming down.

Lock # 2 at 3 P.M.

Began to rain in lock 2

Wednesday Nov 20, 1935

Began unloading immediately we [illegible] the dock and had the hatches [illegible], at [illegible]. It was a rainy night with a fresh to strong southwesterly wind. Fortunately little work on decks, so we spent a "galley watch" [illegible]

Finished unloading about 4:30 this afternoon. Partly work in the P.M. water

Cleared Port ~~[illegible]~~ Colburne breakwater at 6:30 tonight and headed on course for Buffalo

Fresh westerly wind and a good sea running but nearly dead astern.

Not very cold today but cloudy as usual – the last clear day I saw was Nov 1st

Thursday Nov 21st 1935

Finished the decks on Buffalo docks, for good. Worked at 11 last night and stayed until 6 this morning. Then moved down to the Marine A. grain elevator where we were loaded by noon with a full cargo of wheat

Brown and Smith packed up their bags today and got off. The mate ashore this morning and came back about 11:30 both with a heavy load on. The old man paid them both off and each had about

one hundred dollars, as I think that the City of Buffalo will very easily make about two hundred dollars.

With the Brown gone, he is the only one left on deck who left Detroit this morning with the "Detroiter."

Weather cleared and cooled at 2:30 when we left the dock. Cleared the breakwall at 3 and headed out into Lake Erie, in the teeth of a strong southwest wind. Small craft running up on the breakwall coast guard station as we went out.

The wind kept rising as we went out into the Towing Lake. Off Point Abino it was blowing what I would call a half gale since I gave forward to lean sharply against it to make any headway.

The waves had nowhere near the size of the ocean swells, but were unbelievably steep and high and smashed the bow with terrific force. The spray came flying clear up over the pilot house and the bows were a smother of spray, foam and water.

After running the bows plunging and diving and making a fitful attempt to wind the tender I went up to the pilot house to stay out of the weather. It was only a mile or so beating down from the point

[illegible] out over the lake. It [illegible]
long hour, while detailed [illegible]
[illegible] and pounding [illegible]. We [illegible]
upon [illegible] cannot do they [illegible]
of the [illegible] so that all [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
suffered [illegible] of the sea in a [illegible]
and overhead [illegible] were rapidly [illegible]
[illegible] of scud and to the north-eastward
[illegible] patches of white grey [illegible].
The wind was dead out, the south east.
[illegible] only sea [illegible] at this [illegible]
[illegible] of Lake Erie. The [illegible] was
[illegible] below of the point [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in such manner [illegible]
[illegible] the whole thing is fine [illegible] very
[illegible]. Shortly after 5 o'clock, when we
were well past Point Abino, the [illegible]
[illegible] up to investigate the matter,
and, looking round, did the wisest thing
to put the wheel hard astarboard. In
[illegible] I thought of the deluge that would
come in off, down below, but it was too
late, we were already turning and all I
could do was stand, with both [illegible]
[illegible], and watch the effects. For a
[illegible] minute or so, we were right in the
trough, broadside to the wind and heeling
[illegible]. The waves passed over the
side, especially over the stern which was
swinging into the wind with us. The
life boats were showered for a time, but

as a deluge of water swept over them. The companion door, and the companion way leading below into the after hatch were just able to hold up against the pressure and hung, half torn, from its supports.

As soon as we were on the new course, with the wind astern, I went below to have a look. Needless to say they just got us unmercifully for not having gone there morning when we turned - but how was I to know. At any rate there was good cause for complaint, as I shall point out. In all the rooms except the chart room and the others, the port holes had been made open, and once the starboard side was to windward when the ship was turned, the water had poured in as it would through a ~~water~~ burst water main of the district. Shoes, clothes, books, many articles, toilet cases, and various sundry articles were washed right out, the rooms and into the alleyway, where they floated, or were submerged in the slipping, slopping water which stood in the passage. I not I lifted the main hole cover, the after port and let the water run down, then helped clear up the mess. The mattresses and bed clothes were soaked and that constituted the most annoying damage done, but nothing serious had

[illegible] the galley was washed, and the [illegible] stopped up, so the cook was in his usual good humor. A half hour of [illegible] and most of the results of an invasion of Lake Erie water were removed.

Passed inside the Buffalo breakwater [illegible] sometime after six o'clock, having made the distance back in half the time it took to go out. By the mates calculation we were making a speed of four or five miles an hour out on the lake while [illegible] stopped. The small craft warning was [illegible] and with west storm warnings [illegible] up, when we got back, so anyone of [illegible] is return.

Tied up inside the inner breakwall, a short way up Buffalo creek. The wind blew all night from the lake and we bumped [illegible] against the [illegible] dock wall, making it necessary to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

~~Tuesday~~ Friday Nov 22, 1940

We were [illegible], it blew strong all night from the southwest, and rained at intervals, making a gloomy morning. Tuesday morning the wind began to veer into the westward and [illegible] [illegible] and it grew [illegible] colder. Left for Port Colborne about 10:30 and

in a daily dose was breaking a peak northwest wind which blew with what seemed our double force, off the three mile waters of the lake.

Since we running short handed, I had to stand watch all day today, until we got through the Welland Canal. Fear we'd was below all night last night, so it wasn't so very great handicap.

Although pretty sheltered in the lee of the land all the way to Port Colburne, we got all covered, up forward with spray, which froze fast on the decks and railings giving us a board of ice.

Arrived at Port Colburne around 10 o'clock and made a quick trip through the canal, clearing Port Weller breakwater at 5:30 in the afternoon.

Cleared up after noon and snowed a little - wind blew from north west. During the day the wind backed a little from north west to west and south west, so there may be a little rough weather on Ontario.

Our cat, who came aboard the last trip up the New York State canal, was sick a - gain this morning and we had to throw her into the cook house again. The other afternoon, out on the lake, she was hardly sick, and lay as a rug, sunning all on the alleyway. Cleaning up after her is no problem at all though, since the

any takes it down like a regular mail. Nobody has the responsibility for the mail though, the old cove aboard, has our relation, hanging in a port hole one rainy day early in the month.

Saturday Nov 23, 1935

A very interesting time last night, and really fitted to me.

When I came on deck at midnight it was very clear and cold with the wind in the north and on the beam. It was a good breeze but not enough to make it tough or uncomfortable. About 2 o'clock some clouds began to appear in the north and north east - not thick clouds, but they seemed to bring wind with them, because about 2:30 the wind began to rise and kept on until it was blowing quite strong and directly on our port beam.

The boat quickly responded and by 3:30 we were bucking along in a typical fresh water style, with sudden jerking sideward motions. The spray dashed up higher and higher, finally solid to everything. All the hatches were battened with one and number one ~~[illegible]~~ hatch, which forms a transparent plate which one from one is usual when there

by [illegible]. The rocking wires formed were soon joined by shots of gathering ice and quickly formed good solid bulwarks which helped materially to keep most water off the foc'sle deck, that is, more came was coming up anyway.

The cold in the port house drove me off for a mug of coffee and the warmth of the galley stove. Coming forward I slipped and slipped into the engine room companion hatch is snug out of the wind and yet keep a weather eye out. The engine room companion is on the port side and the wind being on the port bow, I was close to the weather. The waves we were walking through were of the same nature as those on Lake Erie the other day, though not so heavy. They were just the size, so that sliding down the weather slope of one, the lee slope of the next would slap us fair, all along the side, bow, bows and aft, it would appear that the waves were about to pass over the generals then the bouyancy action of the hull would swell clear and the whole weather side, the ship would suddenly throw clear up out of water, as the waves passed beneath the ship, dropping the lee generals into the water. Looking down into the engine room, I couldn't help but marvel that those large chunks of steel and iron could stand such a lashing and jolting, and still pass

fore & aft. But there was nothing wrong, the valves were opening & closing automatically, the lifeboats were jumping up & down as usual, the propeller revolving in the ordinary way, the engine plunging up and down in the usual way just as though riding at anchor in a sheltered harbor. All this while the bell tole on the bulkhead was indicating an average swing of 15 degrees both ways from the vertical, and occasionally reaching a 20° departure from the vertical.

While being forward I was compelled to hang to the hatch coaming, because, the slippery ice coated deck wouldn't stay with the feet. I did stand unsupported on the deck was equivalent to mounting a mare on the ridge of an ice coated house, not really with the effort.

About 6:00, just after I was off watch and waiting for someone to come up from below to relieve me, I went aft and stood near the after deck house. Suddenly, and unparalleled, unexpectedly to me, I saw the ship begin to swing to starboard. Watching the compass swing around in its dangerous swings, I didn't pay attention to what was going on to my left, when and then a big sea washed aboard, and, I almost instantly leaped up on the deck house top. None too soon, however as I was drenched with icy water, but

I could at least watch the white part of the wave sweep past beneath us, leaving me on the ship and not in Gitchee Gumee's inhospitable bosom. It was awful bad to me like a very close shave, but all in the days work, and ~~[illegible]~~ I no harm done beyond a wet skin and clothes.

When I came up from breakfast, I could see the shore, with the city of Rochester in the distance. Finally, the old man is going there for shelter, since the wind hasn't let up a bit.

Later —

After two attempts to head back and with the tug, both of which nearly dislodged me from my berth, we got in sight of the Rochester breakwall and tied up at the National Terminal docks.

Laid here until nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the wind had gone down considerably. Mate put us to work this afternoon chipping ice. Fortunately the sun came out clear and bright, and the ice commenced to melt off the decks easily. I managed to get one or two pictures of the deck, but not until after a good part of the ice was gone. The mast, halyards and stays were covered and the ice extended clear to the foremast top. The anchor windlass and deck fittings and foc'sle hatch are covered with a heavy mantle - quite

evidence of a rough night on the lake.

About 4 o'clock we left the shelter of the Russell River and headed out more windward into the lake. The wind is still fresh and the spray flying again. The long line of beach at Charlotte and westward along the west, is fringed with successive colors, white, creaming breakers making a striking scene in the glare of the afternoon sun.

There was a beautiful clear sunset tonight - a long pretty deep red after glow and the air clear as crystal. Cold, very cold tonight.

Sunday, Nov. 24, 1935

Got another good soaking rain last night before arriving at Diego at 11:30.

Bright clear day and the sun feels good when you're out of the wind. No work on deck, so I pinched a good spot on the lee side of #2 hatch and enjoyed a sun-bath, while reading back issues.

Quite northwest wind all day.

15 degrees at 6:00 P.M. last night

Monday Nov 26, 1935

Rapid cold last night - down around

10 degrees. We passed in the canal.
[illegible] when the wind changed and
I began to get warm, for good that
wind seemed after the freezing cold.
After three hours I stood, warm & got
warm of the ice off the deck my fingers, but
I was delayed considerably by a warm man.
Around Lock # 14 there is a stretch
of country still and covered with snow. Now
in the woods snow we saw wild. Just now
on the wing of the canal. The lock tender
says they need nearly a foot.

Friday Nov 26, 1935

Much progress tonight. Lock 1 at 11:00
Lock 2 at 2 P.M.
Set up at the Albany grain docks at
noon. Unloaded at 5:15 and ready to
come but the lock tender was asleep yet.
Finally arrived at 6 with the stores and
we let go the lines and headed north
down the Hudson.
The shipping orders are to go to
Baltimore again for another load,
steel.

At Schenectady Nov 27, 1935

Near Northern Bridge at 1:15 this

[illegible] on water this [illegible] [illegible] opposite Sigmaton N.J.

Tied up at Erie Basin, Brooklyn. Had for [illegible] days, cashed my check at Brands saloon where I thought I could get my money cashed, the others, but when I came back, seven of our men were already [illegible] waiting.

Got a [illegible] order and a [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

Left Erie Basin at 4 [illegible] and [illegible] for the Narrows.

Wind gentle to moderate southerly to southwest.

Thursday Nov 28, 1935

Thanksgiving Day. My first one at sea. Off Barnegat light at midnight, Atlantic City at 5 A.M. Fresh to nearly strong south or south east wind. Ship rolling badly. - Thanksgiving dinner will be tonight instead of this afternoon unless it quiets down. The cook complains that the oven catch won't work and the turkeys come out badly when the boat rolls to port.

Rounded Delaware Breakwater early this afternoon and had great sailing up Delaware Bay.

the thanksgiving dinner tonight consisted of the following articles:

Roast turkey
Creamed cauliflower
Mashed potatoes
Cranberry sauce
Fruit salad
Plum pudding
Assorted fruits, nuts etc.
Cookies
celery & olives
Cigars
Bottle beer

Friday Nov 29, 1935

at anchor in Delaware Bay until
6:30 this morning
Docked at Sparrows Point Md at
3:30 this afternoon.
Began loading tonight
The new deck hand we shipped in Brooklyn left tonight. Doesn't like the ship or mate or skipper.

Saturday Nov 30, 1935
I was down "galley watch" tonight

Mack came aboard [illegible] drunk so I stood out the whole watch

Had a conference with the old man about getting our two fare to New York, in case the ship tied up somewhere on the lakes for the winter.

Tonight at 6:30 we ran hard aground in Chesapeake Bay, not far from Smith Point. Low tide, and we floated off with the high water

Weather cold but not uncomfortable yet. Fresh westerly winds all day.

Mack and I did all hatches again tonight.

Sunday Dec 1, 1935

This morning at 6 o'clock, my relief didn't arrive so I had to go down in the engine room and turn chain. A bad way to begin any day, especially Sunday - the day of rest. The chain came in covered with great globs of stiff, blue clay or mud which was soon well distributed over me and my clothes

Left the canal and entered the Delaware River shortly after noon. All watch in Delaware Bay. Cape May light bearing nearly abeam at 6 o'clock.

Ho wind all day - a cloudy dull day.

Monday, Dec 2, 1935

Off Barnegat light at 6:30 this morning. Strong northwest winds but were hugging the coast and didn't get much sea

Passed Sandy Hook about 1:30. Docked at 69th St Brooklyn for a short while to let the pilot off and also the cheap wife. I was strongly tempted to get off too, but decided not to - the season isn't just much longer.

Left 69th St pier late in the afternoon.

Even in the strong wind and cold - even in the face of snow flurries, the mate had me out on deck painting. The wind was so strong that it would blow the paint off the brush - but was so cold.

Tuesday Dec 3, 1935

Near Newburgh bridge at midnight
Poughkeepsie at 4 A.M.
Kingston Pt at 5:30
Albany - noon
Troy - 1:30

Lock #6 — 6 P.M.

We just got into the canal at the last lock it will be open this year for westbound traffic.

There is hardly any west bound traffic on the canal but hundreds of tows and tugs. The old man says "everything in New York State that will float, is in the canal"

Cloudy and cold all day.

Wednesday Dec 4, 1935

Last night while waiting below lock 8, it got in, it began to snow. The snow became very thick, the wind began to rise rapidly and soon it was blowing a real blizzard. This lasted just a short while, then it cleared off and the wind settled into a strong northwest wind which was very vigorous to tumble rapidly. 26° at lock 7 at midnight. 18 at lock 10 at 1 A.M. 8° at lock 11 and 4° at lock 12 at lock 13 this afternoon it was just 0°

Ice is forming fast on the levels

The increasing in prevailing winds are probably by the rain. The water still is of considerable warmth, and, under the influence of the wind pressure, the water is being forced to surface over the banks and

thousands of jagged floes which blew across the water under the toppling waves were light for our metal parts, the hull and deck the rigging further endangered into a cupola which built up into a heavy covering like frost on a very large ice cube on a cold morning. All this taking place under a brilliant sun so cold was the air.

Thursday Dec 10, 1850

Tied up at Lock #2 as last night became insufficient buoy lighting on the locks. It was another frigid night and the ice grew fast all around us. The country round about is covered with snow and has the appearance of the dead winter.

This extreme cold makes sandstone so brittle as to be uncomfortable to the wide square. The only place you can keep warm is in bed, or by hugging the galley stove down below. The stiff lock handles you get around the boat night and morning. The pilot house is like an ice box but for killers, those the open decks.

When the lines get wet, they freeze instantly into solid pieces of rope, so that with effort you can hold out two partially many feet of the heavy line. Tackling made proper lines constitute an island

impossible task and when they are proper
work the helm only just effort
manage them.

Among other inconveniences is the fact
that we may forward and not a mark
aft. This is a loss of 200 feet of easy work
during time we go on or off watch or from
forward aft.

Chanax leaves Inverness at 3:30 this
afternoon and headed out into the big
blue water of Quebec

Very little wind and calm and quiet
on the lake.

Pilots till 11:00 tomorrow - all day
watch on the wilderness coast

Saturday Dec 7, 1935

When I came on deck this morning
a changed world met my eyes. The sea
and snow on land were melting and
a thin, but increasing, fog was settling
over the entire landscape. By calculations we were near the East Willers
Inverness and all hands were listening
for the fog signal on the pilot house. Finally
we picked up a canoe - a mere speck
moving on the shapeless waters. I

essential. It is just about on the point known, but most of the other [illegible] are on or on points on the point known.

After continuing our course [illegible] for a few minutes, it seemed to me the sound was beginning to bear several points [illegible] of the port beam. I finally [illegible] the old man to my opinion and he headed around two points to [illegible]. Still the sound seemed to be somewhat [illegible] and we had an hunting until finally we struck a spring which seemed to bring us nearer and nearer the source of the sound. Soon, clearly and almost unmistakably, a gruff bark became out of the fog. Yes this bark always until we finally saw the jaunting and bows of Port Walter breakwater appeared from the fog!!!

In our blundering attempts to locate the source of sound we had made a complete half circle around the breakwater and came upon it from the opposite direction.

Did not [illegible] anchor at the Library - Page Pass to stay. All the natives were stopped when we drifted in the [illegible] landing began immediately.

A small [illegible] wind came up [illegible] and brought rain with it - [illegible]

though, but accompanied by a drizzling rain.

We are passed inside Port Colborne breakwater this morning I could see signs of heavy weather on the lake recently, large masses of ice were thrown far inside from the lake wall and all the rocks and concrete structures were covered with a heavy sheeting of ice. There must have been large waves breaking against the wall, to hurl spray so far inside. What a grand sight to see the great waves dashing themselves against the unyielding wall

Sunday Dec. 6, 1930

I strongly suspect that this is my last entry in this journal which will be written aboard the S.S. Wetaskiwin.

I motored yesterday to Welland and set up the lines of some time ago. Practically south-east the vessel is the Grain-ing Island at Port Colborne and there I found such loaded waiting for bottom but my line broke at the line and lost the fish. Arrived in Port Colborne late with about 400 pounds of herring.

Moored Port Colborne breakwall, and

bound at 3:30 this afternoon.

Dense fog on the lake — we went north.

Just a month ago today I dropped around the Detroit at Detroit. Pretty near half your age, but it seems to me my life a long, long time ago. Owing to the way attitudes have undergone a sudden change — subtle because almost imperceptible — during the summer, I felt like a college boy just working during vacation — so was the case. Now for some reason I feel like a sailor, that is, not as a college man, but as a sailor — quite a difference, but I suppose the result of a week-period going from freshmen to a senior week, high and temperature.

Monday Dec 1, 1913
Dec. 15, 1913
Mt Vernon N.Y.

Stood a compass course all the length of Detroit. Finally picked up Grosse Ile towards the morning.

The canal is closed, so here in the last port for the old Detroit this year. Tied up on the lee side of the wave

at the municipal dock and for about one

Secured the ship my first to the dock with the Manila lines and all were like steel cable. Helped carry the life crates and then came of the gates away. Then dressed and got packed to leave.

The crew stuck up a bargain with the marine company owner to take care of us to New York, leaving tonight, we got in on that though I didn't like the idea of sleeping on New York as early in the A.M.

The old Bill asked me to help him carry his bags up to the bus station where he got his ticket for Cleveland. The old dude was glad to get off and I went along to see him go, though I spent many good hours helping him at various times during the cruise. Nevertheless he cussed though and treated me a couple of times.

Then the old man and got my paper claim for the pay. Been here my pay days expired and he promised me the pay back if they needed a man next year.

Said my letter goes to the office tomorrow and left for New York by about 8 o'clock. A wet [illegible] night

My friend Mac is to be left on board as ship keeper. I can imagine the condition of the ship along towards the middle of winter. When I asked him about loneliness he laughed. Said he was sure he could get some Polack woman from Oswego to pass the time with. I will wager, however, that Mac will never finish the winter as ship keeper.

I took my last look at the M.S. Detroiter this afternoon from the bridge at Oswego. She is certainly no object of beauty and yet I cant help but admire her stubby bow and sturdy hull. Anyway she took me thousands of interesting miles with plenty of excitement, adventure and disillusionment in these last six months. If you live and work for half a year even on an old ship it makes you just a bit loathe to leave.

But, so long Detroiter. Dont bump your inwards out pounding against the dock wall, when the northwest gales drive in from the lake this winter.

Sunday Dec 15, 1935
Mt Vernon N.Y.

It is now over a week since I left the ship at Oswego, but I may as well continue to chronicle the passage of time as I have the past six months, though living an ordinary life is not so conducive to the regular maintenance of a journal. In the life aboard ship one becomes more or less accustomed to a regular line of duties, so that the addition of a specific personal habit can be easily incorporated.

Before I left the ship I got my papers giving me claim to the December pay, and also a hospital ticket from the Old Man. The old devil spoke quite differently to me now that my job is over and we are on an equal social basis. He as well as promised me the job back for next year if I care to have it.

Together with the cook, the mess man and Axel, I arranged a ride with the marine supply man here in Oswego, for a ride down to New York. We left at about 9 P.M when I said so long to the fellows still aboard.

I took what may be my last look at the old M.S. Detroiter.

[Tuesday Dec 10, 1935]

We drove all night last night, the weather becoming milder as we proceeded southward. Day began to dawn shortly after arriving in New York. Axel and I got off at 125th St, and we had a cup of coffee and a talk before saying so long.

When I left Axel I left all direct connections with my past six months. Now I enter a different life again.

At aunt Emma's I had some breakfast and then turned in for some much needed rest

[Wednesday Dec 11, 1935]

I went down to the company office and got my pay for Nov 1-15 today.

Paid a visit to the Marine Hospital at Hudson & Jay St. Tooth damage amounts only to a filling washed out. What a surprise - I have been paying little attention to my teeth lately as regards brushing.

The Marine Hospital is certainly an ancient building.

Many scraps of information about ships etc catch the ear, when hearing the conversation of the crowds which throngs the building.

Bought a chart: New York Harbor

at Vogue' today.

[Thursday Dec 12, 1935]

Sent mother my pay checks for Nov plus the cash I had on hand. Total of $135.00. Kept 11 dollars for spending money, etc.

[Friday Dec 13, 1935]

Walked over to Yonkers today to make a visit and look at the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research

a Dr. Miller very kindly showed me around. He introduced me to the woman whose work on germination of carmus florida, I used last year at school.

Strong, northeasterly winds today. Cold and grey.

[Saturday Dec 14, 1935]

Made one of those extensive excursions today which the city transportation of New York affords: the subway from Grand Central to Brooklyn Bridge, then the B.M.T. out to Jamaica. Bought a ticket to North port in Jamaica and pulled in at Aunt

Tays about 6 o'clock
Dinner at the Elks in Huntington. Show afterward.

Sunday Dec 15, 1935

Dinner out today. Long Island duck and all the trappings.

Rainy, foggy weather, easterly winds

Monday Dec 16, 1935

Last night the dog killed a 'coon out in the woods and Donald and I had great sport skinning it.
Renewed my acquaintance with Judy tonight.

Tuesday Dec 17, 1935

This morning I drove Uncle Ed out to Riverhead, where he had a case to defend in court.
A pleasant drive back across the level scrub lands of central Long Island. From Kings Park we followed the north-shore road along the bluffs and hills above the Sound. A late sunset glow, with the lights of Connecticut over and beyond the Sound in the Northern horizon

Friday Dec 27, 1935

A big event in my social education occurred tonight. I also encurred a good sized hole in my bank roll.

Edgar and I and Brit Richardson spent together (money for the girls included) about 20 dollars.

For this amount we enjoyed the following changes in scenery, an hour or so spent in drinking beer at the German-American Club (between 17 & 18th St on 3rd ave), a short time at Jack Delaney's in Greenwich Village (cocktails very expensive) and the rest of the evening until about 2:30 at Connie's Inn (48th St & Broadway). The latter place was the best and we did some dancing and more cocktail drinking. (no cover charge, but a minimum of 2 dollars per person.

Arrived in Northport about 6 A.M. and slipped up the back stairs in stocking feet

Saturday Dec 28, 1935

I got up about 3:30 this afternoon and Edgar and I had breakfast ~~in the~~ about 4, then went into the living room and watched the sun go down.

Sunday Dec 29, 1935

A raging blizzard last night made

driving dangerous coming back from the theatre in Huntington. More movies and late hours —

Tuesday Dec 31, 1935

New years eve once more. This is the second consecutive New years eve I've spent in Northport

There was a party at Stan Smith's house and no lack of entertainment and drinks. We left Smith's about three oclock and made a short tour of the island including the Hotel Huntington, Oscars, Slymns etc. We ended the evening at Evelyn Dixon's house where we had coffee and talked (not too coherently) for a while. Got to bed about eight A M..

Wednesday Jan 1, 1936

Up about one or two oclock. No head-ache but less appetite

Sat Jan 4, 1936

Bill and Cell visited today for a while.

Bill and Donald and I took a walk along the beach at Eatons Neck, and, lured by the oysters, picked up enough for cocktails tonight.

Sunday Jan 5, 1936

Edgar left to go back to Cornell today, so things will be considerably quieter from now on.

Wednesday Jan 8, 1936

I drove Aunt Fay down to New York today. Had my tooth taken care of at the Marine Hospital

Monday Jan 13, 1936

I enjoyed an hours clam digging today though I had little luck with the tide which almost beat me to the beach.

Wednesday Jan 15, 1936

Clam digging again today. I walked down to the beach early this morning and caught the tide well out. Filled my pail and was glad to sit on the sand and rest afterward.

A warm south wind was blowing off shore, ruffling the waves into white caps just a few hundred yards from the beach.

Walked back along the beach gathering pebbles and shells by the way. How nice the even wash of the waves is on the

gravelly beach

The warm south wind has a deceptive suggestion of spring today.

Jan 17, 1936

Left Northport today and am once more back on the mainland.

Before going up to Mt Vernon I made a short trip down to Greenwich Village to visit Arthur Brand, whom I hadn't seen since graduation from high school.

We had dinner together in a Spanish restaurant on 14th St and after talking a while parted.

Jan 18, 1936

I sent my trunk to Oxford today and packed up the rest of my belongings to leave for Amherst tomorrow.

I had another, and my last, date with Judy tonight. The pilgrimage from the Bronx to Brooklyn and back by subway is not worth while for any one.

We went to "Nicks Place" on 7th Ave, where I was much annoyed when the waiter spilled a cup of coffee on my hat. Place jammed with drunken N.Y.U. students

When I got up in the Bronx, rather late, a howling Northeast blizzard was

blowing. As the trolley cars had stopped running I was compelled to walk the mile or so right in the teeth of the wind.

Sun Jan 19, 1936

The storm last night was still in progress this morning, and had deposited some eight inches of snow by the time I got up.
Around noon the snow changed to sleet and continued all afternoon. Uncle Ben persuaded me to postpone leaving for Amherst tomorrow.

Monday Jan 20, 1936

Shovelled snow a good part of the day. A three inch layer of sleet helps snow shovelling not in the least.

Tuesday Jan 21, 1936

Left for Amherst this morning. Took the bus from New Rochelle to Northampton and bummed the remaining seven miles to Amherst.

Sat Jan 25, 1936

Fred got me a date with a Smith girl tonight and we (the four of us)

spent the evening in Northampton. Took in a show and talked and danced afterward at Comstock House.

The girl - Betty Nisley, from Florin Penna.

Tuesday Jan 28, 1935

Fred and I took a walk this afternoon out into the hills east of Amherst. We followed the road toward Pelham which dips down into the valley of the Freshman River and then up a long winding climb to the ridge above the valley.

It was a clear cold day with a strong northwest wind and a bright sun, which dipped below the western hills before we turned back. From the vantage point of the ridge one can see across to the purpled hills on the far side of the broad Connecticut Valley. To right and left are rocky hills and crags covered with groups of pines and spruces, making a scene of wild and wintry beauty, brushed by the cold keen wind.

Wednesday + Thursday Jan 29-30

I left Amherst this afternoon at 4:30 on the bus to Springfield.

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In New York I bought a bus ticket to Dayton Ohio

After an arduous and extremely boring trip, arrived in Oxford on Friday morning.

Friday Jan. 31, 1936

This morning at 10:30 I got my first look at Oxford since leaving last June for Detroit.

Procured a room for the semester in Ogden Hall and moved in.

Saturday Feb 1, 1936

My courses for the semester
Plant pathology
American Literature
Zoology
French
General Psychology

In Zoology and American Literature I will have to begin with the 2nd semester.

Monday Feb 3, 1936

Into the routine of classes again. Quite a change from my free and easy life

of late.

Feb 5, 1936 Wednesday

Wrote letters. Weather has been very cold. Several days 7 8° and 10° below zero.

Sunday Feb 23, 1936

A mild day. The first since Jan. 15 when I went clam digging at Crab Meadow Beach — how long ago it seems.

The snow and ice were melting rapidly and with the ground frozen solid for several feet the run-off was great.

I took a walk this afternoon down to the Tallawanda and watched the ice break up in the stream. The heavy ice broke up several weeks ago. The remains are left strewn wide along the stream banks, great chunks about two feet thick, and many ten feet square.

The sudden thaw today brought great quantities of water from the fields, hills and woods which is breaking and buckling the ice in great masses, these roaring and grinding downstream.

Southerly winds becoming strong.

Wednesday Feb 26, 1936

I had the misfortune to smash my finger in the door today. Small though the injury appears, it was enough to keep me up all night.

Saturday Feb 29, 1936

This is the last time an entry can be made on this date for another four years.
Spent the better part of the day working. Began Ernest Poole's novel "His Family".

Sunday ~~Feb~~ March 1, 1936

A Sunday typical of my college days. Got up at 11:30 and wasted the better part of the hour until dinner at 12:30. After dinner, sat around and talked until time to go to the library at 2. Studied until 5 in the library, went back to my room and waited for supper time - 5:30. Overate as usual on Sunday night and felt sleepy for studying. Listened to the radio part of the time - the news
"Chicago has changed to Eastern Standard Time"
"Northern Ethiopia occupied by Italian troops" etc etc.
A lousy day

Monday March 2, 1936

What is there to write of but the monotony of classes? Why should I dislike classes and school work? I am a good student, like to read and study, and, in fact, when left to my own resources almost invariably take up intellectual pursuits.

Logically analyzed, it must be the system, not ~~I~~, who is wrong

The weather was mild today with a fresh southwest to west wind. Exhilarating weather for running — the daily workout on the track seems almost a privilege sometimes

I studied Hart Crane's poem "The Bridge", today. I find it rather extreme in emotional tenseness — almost psychopathic it would appear.

~~Tuesday~~
~~Wednesday~~ March 3, 1936

One of those "bad days" when everything goes wrong. How unaccountable such phenomena are — for such they really are.

However physical exertion would appear to unburden one's mental state — I observed this afternoon. Why go into detail on

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A lousy day

such psychoanalytic questions.

The weather has been very springlike and mild.

What a strange, lingering nostalgia the early warm days of spring produce. The thoughts of childhood days come back - and they are always better days -- and the world seems to be dual and we are seeing but the melancholy reflection of its other side.

What an impossible thought to express sensibly (that is, with sense

Friday March 6, 1936

I had the misfortune to break one of my front teeth this morning. It was the left bilateral - devitalized and filled 8 years ago.

I was thinking over the books I read for intensive reading in American Literature. Only one stands out distinctly - it is Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome". I think if one book impresses more than other you tend to build up and strengthen that impression at the expense of the others

I believe the same mental process occurs in regard to impressions received when travelling. Often mental images which at first made no special claim to significance

later I saw it with increasing clarity. This may be by unconscious mental comparison, or it may due largely to objective contrast or comparison only.

Saturday March 7, 1936

Bob Pool visited today. I went up to Dayton with him this afternoon, and we returned quite late this evening.
Weather mild and springlike.

Sunday March 8, 1936

N.Y.A work, English reading etc. Nothing but work. Sin paying for my day off yesterday.

Thursday March 12, 1936

The last few entries were rather premature in regard to the weather.
Tuesday the temperature got up above 70° and spring seemed an established fact. Today it is around freezing with strong northwesterly winds and snow squalls. The worst one of the day has just passed leaving several inches of snow on the ground.
Out on the track this afternoon the snow was driving with such blinding force

that it was impossible to keep your face into the wind.

Visibility was lowered to less than a hundred yards and the great clouds of snow were rushing ahead of a wind equaling forty miles at times.

The day reminds me of one trip across Lake Oneida last fall. There was a stiff nor'wester blowing and we stood our watch in the canvas covered canal "pilot house" The thin glass windows were rattling and the snow was driving in the cracks and lanyard holes. There is Frenchmans island appearing and disappearing in the thick squall. Astern there is the long line of churning combers piling up on the breakwall and sandy beach at Sylvan Beach. I can hear the short choppy thump of the waves on the bow and every now and then the spray leaps up over the gunwale where it is caught by the wind and hurled towards the pilot house. It thuds softly on the window and mingles with the melting snow.

All this — and suddenly it clears, the sun bursts forth from behind the scudding clouds and illumines the lake and the white capped hills to the north, — ~~then~~ the clouds rush in again and once more the swirling snow descends.

Another day.

Friday March 13, 1936

I had to cut geology laboratory in order to find time to get down to the dentist in Hamilton.

Sunday March 15, 1936

Read all of Huckleberry Finn today, and suffered considerable eye strain there-by.

March 22, 1936 Sunday

During the week many events of importance have occurred in the "outside world". I say "outside world" because I am prone to feel, incorrectly I suppose, that college and college life is a closed sphere in which national and international events are "outside happenings".

At any rate the most important news is the flood, which has, and is still, proving to be the most disastrous in fifty years.

Four rivers in the eastern U.S states are rampaging. They are The Connecticut, the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Ohio.

The Ohio flood has receded at Pittsburg after inundating the whole business section

of the city. The crest of the Ohio flood is now advancing down the valley with diminishing intensity. The Susquehanna and Delaware have washed out dozens of bridges in Pennsylvania.

I read of one West coast lumber ship which couldn't make headway against a 20 mile current in the Delaware, so unloaded below Philadelphia.

The worst conditions however are those closest home, where the ice choked Connecticut has caused millions of dollars of damage. Floyd Gibbons, on the radio, described the river as a raging giant, in some places assuming the proportions of an inland sea. Today the crest of the flood is below South Hadley Mass and conditions most severe between that point and Middletown Connecticut.

When I hear of the Connecticut flood I think of how the river looked in January when I was in Amherst. Above Springfield the river was a silent frozen ribbon stretched across the Massachusetts lowlands. In fact, as a matter of interest, I recall that the bus driver remarked, as we left Springfield, that there would "be hell to pay when the snow melted up the valley in the spring".

I noticed in the paper that a great

number of Smith girls were marooned in Northampton, after getting out for spring recess.

Last night the Butler Relays were held in Indianapolis and the Miami team made the annual trip. The competition was too much for our team, so we drew our usual blanks.

Thursday March 26, 1936

Last night I finally talked H. M into running east with me. We decided to leave right after lunch Friday (tomorrow)

Tonight I am all packed and ready to go. The weather report calls for rain tomorrow but it seems to anticipating it since there is a semi-thunder storm in progress now.

In a letter from mother yesterday, she says there are 1800 flood refugees in Amherst. People sleeping in the college gymnasium etc.

Tuesday March 31, 1936
Amherst, Mass.

The last few days since leaving Oxford have been crowded with events. This is of course to be expected when making a 700 mile trip across country.

We left Oxford, humming, about a quarter to one Friday and arrived in Brooklyn at two o'clock Saturday. This is faster time than the Greyhound bus makes and infinitely cheaper and less monotonous.

Our longest ride was from Cambridge Ohio to Philadelphia Penna.

I decided to go directly to McKinleys so spent the night there.

Sunday morning Mary & I took a walk down to the Narrows (just three blocks from her apartment). A fresh breeze was whipping across from Staten Island and the ships moving up and down the Narrows. The salty air and ships and to make Oxford seem distant and remote. What an almost irresistible appeal they have. I long to have a deck under my feet.

Sunday evening I had a date with Jenny R. who is now living in Brooklyn. McKinley planned the evening which included supper at his house, a walk and a moonlight ferry ride to St George and back.

The evening was much in contrast to the last time I was on the waters of New York harbor. Then I was northbound on the Bremerton and just in from a day on the Jersey Coast. There was a strong northwester blowing and cold.

On Monday morning I left McKinleys

and set out for Amherst. Stopped at Aunt Annas in Mt Vernon for a few minutes. Out on the Boston Post road at 1:30 running. Got to Hartford about six and took the nine o'clock bus for Northampton, where I arrived a few minutes after the last bus had left for Amherst

The alternative was walk or pay two fifty for a taxi, so I set out on foot. At the bridge outside Northampton, however I found an unexpected situation: the bridge was open to one way traffic only and the cop stationed at the west end of the bridge was kind enough to get me a ride in to Amherst. Rather strange since there is a town law against running rides in the town of Northampton.

Arrived in Amherst at 12:30.

I saw little of the flood damage on the way up because of darkness. I did get some glimpses of houses carried away, barns standing on end etc. Also numerous lakes of standing back-flood-waters.

Wednesday April 1, 1936

I will be unable to see Betty Neily while I am home, since I have to leave tomorrow, and she just arrived in Northampton tonight. However we had a telephone conversation which set a new record for me

of about an hours length.

Thursday April 2, 1936

It snowed a little last night and it is now raining nastily.

I left Amherst today at 1:30. The rain was too much for even a hardy "bummer" so I took the bus to Northampton and the bus to New Rochelle. Stayed overnight at Aunt Annas.

Fred was there and we had one of our usual protracted bull sessions, at night.

Friday, April 3, 1936

On the way down to McKinleys' I stopped in at the National Matershing Corp. — Capt Lie was not in so I accomplished nothing as regards a job with them for next summer.

Overnight at McKinleys. To bed at 3 A.M

Saturday April 4, 1936

Up at 6:30 and on the subway at 8. We took the Manhattan Transfer to Newark and then the bus to outside of town. First ride to Reading Pennsylvania. We picked up a ride in Shippensburg Pa which took us to Mansfield Ohio where we arrived

Sunday morning. Arrived in Columbus at 9:30, walking 1 in 23 and a half hours from Newark N. J.

Stayed overnight ~~at~~ with Bob Pool.

Back in Oxford at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon

Sunday April 12, 1936

Easter Day Oxford, Ohio.

Gloomy Sunday and I'm immersed in work.

The weather the past week has been of the worst, several days of snow and rain with no warm sun.

The Easter clothes are coming out, but I'm not contributing any to the display. I was compelled to borrow a pair of shoes the other day from H. M. while my "one + only" were being fixed.

I have been pretty much in the doldrums all week. I can't seem to get interested in school work and spend much time in useless worry about the future. College life doesn't seem to satisfy one's desires to "do things". Learning great masses of material for immediate use only seems a poor substitute for activity. But unfortunately the grade of our college record is made up on the basis of just those self same masses of temporary knowledge

Sometimes now I wish I had never

been out in the world of work and activity but had merely been quietly living a students life. Then books and knowledge would constitute my world and sphere

Oh World, why is there such a gap, and yawning chasm between what you have to offer and what we cherish as our desires.

Strange restless urgings, you yield to no force of mind.

Saturday April 25, 1936

This week end was punctuated by the Ohio Univ track meet at Athens. For me the meet marks a record. I finally got below the 16 second time in the 120 yd high hurdles. My new time 15.8

The weather was ideal for a track meet with a warm sun and not too much wind.

Vegetation seems to be considerably more progressed in southern Ohio than around here. I noticed Amelanchier canadensis in full flowering stage on the still brown hillsides.

Completed my "Personality Sketch" for my term paper requirement in Psychology.

I received two letters from Fred this week which is an unprecedented event.

The weather has been pretty good of late. On Thursday I got my first sun burn of the year - just the beginnings of a tan.

The radio stations are all signing off so I may as well

2:30 A.M.

Sunday May 17, 1936

Track season will soon be over with the last meet this Saturday.

McKinley and I had a double date last night. His girl proved far more interesting to me than my date.

Won 9 points in the Cincinnati track meet yesterday.

May 29, 1936

The busiest day this semester. 8 hours of N.Y.A work, attended two classes, washed 25 ¢ worth of laundry, finished a report for English and read 30 pages of French.

Last Saturday finished up another track season. I made the same showing as last year - three medals, but no firsts.

Had a date with Mary Chave

last Saturday. I consider her one of the finest girls I've met.

Sat May 30, 1936

A cold Decoration Day. I went walking with Mary tonight, but it was actually so cold we were glad to finish up the evening with a cup of hot chocolate.

I'm wondering now why I never met Mary before this spring.

Sat June 13, 1936

My fifth semester in college is over and I have three to go. Exams were all bunched in the last four days.

A busy week:

Sunday - Mary & I tried to study out on the hillside back of Western. Poor results

Monday - a date and walk afterwards

Tuesday - studied Zoology until 2 A.M.

Wednesday - French exam and American Lit. exam both today. Walked with Mary down to the pond ~~below~~ below Western College this evening.

Thursday -- exam this morning - wrote straight through from 8:30 to 11:45

I walked out on the track for the last time, and turned in my outfit.

Friday — Zoology exam this afternoon. Went swimming with Mary later in the afternoon.

Saturday. — psychology exam in the afternoon finished up my years work. I spent the entire evening with Mary until 11 o'clock. It took us the better part of an hour to say good by.

Sleeping at the D.U house tonight - Tomorrow we leave for New York.

Sunday June 7, 1936

Left Oxford at 8:30 this morning. McKinley + I worked east as far as Barnesville Ohio by 7:30 tonight. Put up in a tourist cabin.

A sultry warm night with a heavy moon hanging over the eastern Ohio hills. What fantastic shapes the jagged clouds display when silhouetted against the moon.

Monday June 8, 1936

Arrived in Washington Pa at ten this morning and here we picked up a ride clear in to New York. We got out at the Hotel Taft on 7th Avenue at 1:30 A.M. Despite the late hour I went up to Aunt

Arrives for the night (or what was left of it). There was a telegram awaiting me there informing of a summer job in New Hampshire.

Tuesday June 9, 1936.

Called at the National Motorship Co. office this morning. The "Detroiter" is docked west end of Oswego. Little chance for a job there.

Had supper with McKinley in Brooklyn.

Wednesday June 10, 1936

Met McKinley at the appointed time and we went down to the Standard Fruit Company offices. They offered me a job on one of the ships - beginning next week the Atlantida, running to Vera Cruz, La Ceiba Honduras & other West Indian Ports. Could have sailed this afternoon on the Mirasflores as mess-man.

However the job in New Hampshire seems too good to turn down without further investigation. Left on the New Haven for Amherst this afternoon. Arrived in Amherst at sixth this evening.

Thursday June 11, 1936

Further details of the summer job

in New Hampshire have pretty well convinced me to take it. The work is cooking + house cleaning at an Amherst college professors camp on Squaffard Lake N.H. Professor Colyer says he let me know that the hardest part of the job will be to keep from becoming lonesome. That should be no problem for me.

The pay will be $7 per week and room + board. Also certain privileges will accrue.

What an excellent chance to study and read.

Saturday June 13, 1936

The Amherst - Williams ~~football~~ baseball game proved quite exhausting this afternoon. The Senior Night singing ceremonies brought back vividly memories of 2 years graduation two years ago

We rate many letters this afternoon.

Sunday June 14, 1936

Date with Betty Nissly tonight. She sang at ~~some~~ a Smith College ceremony so I went to hear that, afterwards we went down to ~~the~~ Rahars and drank beer for a while. Walked out to Paradise Pond later. The Smith College Campus certainly

has its good features.

I saved bus fare tonight by running over to Northampton + back. I was damn lucky to get a ride back since the last bus had left Northampton before I was off the South campus.

Rained all day except this evening.

Monday June 15, 1936

A much awaited letter arrived from Mary today. I must be in pretty bad shape, but time is the only cure.

Another entire day of rain

Tuesday June 16, 1936

Walked out toward the Pelham ridge this afternoon. How different and more interesting the Massachusetts woods and hills are when contrasted with Ohio. The great granite boulders, moss and lichen covered, have a strange and subtle charm. The pines and oaks seem more green and fresh. The sandy soil seems more soft and yielding.

Clear weather, with a strong north west wind buffeting across the broad Connecticut Valley. I can stop the hill I could make out the buildings and smoke of Northampton between the little hills of Amherst. In the north, in the clear air, the hills rose into

the distance rounded and purpled in the light of the westering sun.

Wednesday June 17, 1936

Wrote a few letters this afternoon. Weather cloudy.

Thursday June 18, 1936

Wrote more letters. Correspondence pretty well cleared up by now.
Cloudy, with a south east wind.

Friday June 19, 1936

Packed up most of the stuff to take up to Spofford.
Heard the Louis - Schmeling fight on the radio. Louis lost even though betting odds were 10 to 1 in his favor.
More rain today

Saturday June 20, 1936

How dreadfully objective this diary is becoming. I think I shall begin to write a journal instead and keep out the mere tabulation of events.

Sunday June 21, 1936

Fred and I attended the services at the Unitarian church this morning. An excellent sermon, pointing out among other psychological phases, the dangers and results of intense abstraction in one aspect of thought and belief

Spent a few pleasant hours this afternoon in the wild life sanctuary below the Amherst campus.

Monday June 22, 1936

My departure for New Hampshire was postponed until Wednesday. I am becoming anxious to leave

Tuesday June 23, 1936

The "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is not as successful as a movie as it is as a book. However the songs ~~were~~ and music were good; and the title will always have its lingering charm and somehow sad tone.

Wednesday June 24, 1936

Spofford Lake.

A dull gray evening and the

water has a forbidding aspect beneath the heavy sky. In the half-light the lake is lonely and cold, the pine clad hills are silent and gloomy. The small waves beat monotonously on the rocky beach. The wind has a distant sound in the trees.

Thursday June 25, 1936

Sam becoming oriented to Spafford Lake.

Our camp is situated a a point of land rising abruptly from the waters of the north end of the lake. The point is covered with blueberry and laurel bushes beneath the oaks and pines. A rocky point leads out into the lake embracing a rock studded lagoon in which small fish and tadpoles can easily stir the water.

Directly south across the water, and somewhat more than a mile distant, is an island in the lake. Its sandy beach has all the intriguing appearance of an unvisited shore.

On all sides of the lake there are hills rising some four or five hundred feet above the water. To the south they are higher, but more distant.

Friday June 26, 1936

The weather persists cool and cloudy. It is uncomfortably cold in the water and I look toward swimming with no anticipation.

We are immersed in rural New England. Tonight we attended a church supper at Westmoreland town hall. The village is at a quiet cross road. ~~It~~ Its cheery aspect belies a rural sordidity.

Saturday June 27, 1936

I read Ernest Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" today. Despite its realistic presentation, the psychology, the past war period, the book is quite effective in parts. The end is dramatic and forceful. A tragedy so great, and yet so real.

Rain all day.

Sunday June 28, 1936

President King of Amherst, and his wife, visited today. At ~~Sunday~~ dinner I had an opportunity to study the man. Few men retain from their

were to become college presidents.

This evening I ventured out on the lake in the face of threatening weather, and was amply repaid for my temerity. A squall blew out of the northwest and I was forced to row directly into the wind's eye to keep from careening down the lake. There was no chance to make shore so I braced hard and laid on the oars until the wind died down. The spray dashing up over the gunwales mingled with the rain from above to make a very wet passage back.

The brief battle with wind and waves had a spice of danger in it which was quite enjoyable.

Tonight's squall introduced a wet cool air which is driving the mercury down in the fifties.

Monday June 29, 1936

An almost arctic condition of the weather prevailed this morning, but in spite of this it clouded up and began to rain intermittently.

I finished reading Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" this evening. The story

is lacy and artistically done, but lacks a certain genuine feeling. The author seems too absorbed in effect to humanize his characters sufficiently.

The heights, Puritan fanaticism are provocative, considerable thought. The story would ring with a false note if the throbbing effect, calvinistic dogma were not understood.

I can't help but contrast this day with that of a year ago. There is no parallel beyond that, my own identity a year from now ——?

June 30, 1936

My birthday. Twenty one years ago I became a drop in the stream of humanity.

July 1, 1936. Wednesday.

This morning we made a brief trip to Amherst. Returned with more books.

Yesterday the Cal's presented me with a fishing license, and this morning I ventured out on Spafford Lake to try my luck. With no success

Thursday July 2 1936

Took in a play this evening at the Maine Summer Theatre. Philip Barry's "Tomorrow + Tomorrow".

Friday July 3, 1936

Prof Katy left early this morning to attend a funeral at Walpole Mass. Home very day began early, with two breakfast preparations.

Despite a gray and gloomy day I went a fishing again this morning. The rain dripped down in a very fitter on my sou'wester, and the boat rocked idly on the quiet water.

This morning I began reading Cooper's "Pathfinder". Cooper certainly loses his charm as you grow older.

Saturday July 4, 1936

A perfect Fourth of July, with the usual thunderstorm.

Finished Alexis Carrel's "Man the Unknown". Book smacks too much of mysticism though the author surely builds himself

a case.

Tonight a picnic supper was held up on Park Hill in Westmoreland. I met & was introduced to most of the summer crowd up here - a good many of whom are college professors et familia. The picnic ground - Park Hill was a bare nearly treeless hilltop formerly used as pasturage. The site overlooks the sweep of the Connecticut valley, with the green Mountains rising in the distance to the north - foothills on all sides. The sun set below the hills west of the Connecticut and soon the moon rose - almost as red and fully as round.— a beautiful scene with the pine trees silhouetted against the light in the east. The last time the full moon rose it was from over the hills east of Oxford Ohio - and then I was not thinking of someone far away.

Sunday July 5, 1936

Spent today in camp - a rather dull but very comfortable Sunday. The weather is warming up - so is the lake.

Monday July 6, 1936

Mrs Esty maneuvered the family (and me) into an auction near Keene. The auctioneer a certain Mr Hall seems to draw a crowd more for the show he puts on than for the goods under sale. Saw much good money wasted for junk - also a few good

articles sold.

I received today a letter from my friend Jack Smith written aboard the S.S. Sam. F.B. Morse a lake freighter on which he is working as coal passer. Seems to like it on board - I wonder.

The weather is pleasant, partly cloudy and gentle N - N.E. winds.

Tuesday July 7, 1936

To Keene today. Got a haircut with a most garrulous barber working on me. Keene is a busy town in the summer.

Weather hot but not sultry, with fresh westerly winds.

Wednesday July 8, 1936

Spent all day around camp or swimming.

The weather is very hot for this region - above 95°F. The lake was fine today and I swam nearly a mile at leisurely strokes during the day.

My semester grades from college arrived - averaging 2 A's and 3 B's. Wonder why I didn't get an A in the Lines. Literature course - better luck next semester.

~~Tu~~ Thursday July 9, 1936

I awoke last night at one o'clock - after

sleeping little more than an hour - I heard the rumble of an approaching storm. The night was as black as pitch and the storm ~~[illegible]~~ overspread the entire northern horizon - so we could of it as I could see through the trees.

Since my room is in a building surrounded by trees I decided to get up in the main cabin and let my lightning do as it pleased without me under the trees. After opening the windows in the cabin and removing some books from the porch I stood and watched the storm develop over the lake and forest. There was an almost continuous glare of lightning and persistent rumbles echoing over the hills. The almost dead calm made the lightning gleam on the lake as from a plate of polished silver. The more intense flashes plainly showed the island fully three quarters of a mile away across the lake - singed with that weird and evil blue that only lightning gives. Several times the bolts struck very close by - and I felt it seemed the lake was touched by lightning. About 2:30 the lightning system faded after flickering heavily for a few minutes. The storm passed off about 3 A.M. The lightning was as intense as I have ever seen, and the storm reminded me of the fierce thunder-walls we encountered last summer on the

Dear Dr.

This afternoon there was another heavy thunderstorm with deluges of rain.

According to the paper many cities in the middle west and east are reporting record temperatures. Detroit 104°; Buffalo reported 104°; Boston 98°; Springfield Mass. 102°; Duluth 104° and Alpena Mich 102° - the last two are record high readings for those stations. At Stafford only 1 time for 99°. This is most unusual they say for this region. Tonight it is cool but decidedly humid.

Friday July 10, 1936

I received news from college today that I have been appointed a proctorship at a dormitory the coming year. Also that my application for a loan has been approved according to the letter I am due in Oxford on Sept 12. Meanwhile I am all ready, to go.

More hot and sultry weather. Even the lake is beginning to become warm under the influence of a burning sun. Plenty of time in the water and in the sun makes an ideal program for such weather. How fortunate not to be working in some city.

We attended a community gathering at the Bridgeman farm tonight - down near the brook below the house. Frankfurt roast and regular picnic supper. Mr ~~Bridg~~ Bridgeman

has done a remarkable job of reclaiming a remarkable 18th Century farm house and farm. We saw a few years ago an unpainted and rather dejected man who was left and met to remain a victim of the depression. He has purchased this old place inventing all his savings and moved up from New York with his family. Today the house and buildings are in shipshape and by playing a calculated but apparently well paid profession of lecturer and carpentry he is making enough to get the farm on a paying basis. The house is very old - 18th century and a regular museum of colonial architecture and utensils. There is no electric light as yet but he is arranging for an extension up from the road.

Tonight there was lightening all around the horizon but no sign of a storm as yet.

According to the Boston Post the storms the last few days have been very violent. The Boston Herald reads "Furious storm sweeps State". "Third torrential rain of day the worst in years. Some towns dark for hours and hundreds of trees uprooted" "Many cattle killed and many places struck by lightening.

New York, Philadelphia and Washington all report temperatures over 100°. - in New York there was an all time record of 102.7° / 100 trees felled in Massachusetts. It looks as if that our storm the other night was

first one I may.

Thursday July 16, 1936

We made a trip down to Amherst today, which took up the time from 10 to 6.

The most spectacular news in the papers is the death toll from the current heat wave. Over 2800 persons have died in the country directly or indirectly as a result of the hot spell. Minnesota leads among the states with 170.

Locally the weather has been nearly ideal with since Tuesday which was the last of the hot weather. Between last Wednesday and this Tuesday there have been 8 distinct thunderstorms in the vicinity.

Friday July 17, 1936

We went into Brattleboro tonight and attended the summer theatre there. The play was "Tomorrow's Monday" - forget the author. Good dialogue but poor dramatization.

I paddled across the lake today to the settlement on the far side. Two bullgranites for fishing cost 5¢ apiece which seems outrageously high.

The last few nights have made two blankets desirable which is a welcome change from last week. It's a fact worth noting that several nights last week were the only ones in 50 years that I slept without blankets up here.

Sunday July 19, 1936

Four guests arrived here from Amherst today, somewhat taxing our culinary facilities. Professor Beatty of the chemistry dept. at Amherst is a jolly character and with his running talk the day afforded few dull moments.

Tonight Sig Esty and I went a-rolling in the canoe — with my "valuable" hellgramites — but even these costly attractions evoked no response from the fish. To-date I have caught not a single fish in this lake — Our next door neighbor, Mr Grayson, however has pulled in 23 bass so far this summer even though fishing only on week ends. The quantity of fish he pulls out of the lake is the despair of his wife however who doesn't in the least share his enthusiasm for fishing.

The weather has been nearly perfect today — moderately warm and sunny.

Tuesday July 21, 1936

A strange incident befell one of our kittens today. Early this morning it was stepped on and accidentally kicked immediately afterward. A short time later the animal began to behave in the most erratic fashion, running to and fro in the kitchen flinging herself against the walls and all obstructions in

a sort of wild abandon. Quite illy there was no sign of injury and the animal almost seemed unnatural in its carrying about. Shortly after noon it crawled under the ice chest where it refused to be dislodged and I musing crawled all day. Later in the evening the kitten emerged and exhibited a normal behavior except that it was uncommonly hungry.

Weather mostly cloudy and fairly cool. Wind gentle to moderate mostly south and southeast, with broken clouds. Yesterday there were two very slender rainbow squalls blown in on a fresh southwest wind. The float out in front of the bay dragged her moorings yesterday and piled up on the lee shore across the water from the point here.

Wednesday July 22, 1936

I rowed down the lake today, beached the row boat and struck back in the woods to collect plants. I concealed the oars very carefully before leaving the landing spot and went away secure that the boat would not be removed. Returning back several hours later I found the boat perfectly safe but the oars might just as well have been in the bottom of the lake for all I could do to locate them. The thought of poling the boat back out

vigour to my efforts and I finally found the oars - and made it back to camp before the family left for supper.

A fresh wind set in from the south about 11 this A.M and has continued all day. The foam is piling along the rocks in windrows and tonight the waves are beating a monotonous tune on the beach.

Mr Estys son and his wife arrived today for an undetermined length of time. The culinary duties increase by one third.

I am still trying to finish Moby Dick - but the waves breaking on the rocks outside are much of a distraction. I long for a rolling deck and the clean white spray.

Friday July 24, 1936

Today has been a continual round of eating reading writing, fishing and sitting -- which two months hence will seem the ideal life. Heaven I don't say I resent it now!

I fished again today with no luck but I am almost becoming resigned to the fate of a luckless fisherman. It reminds me of years ago when we fished in northern Maine, northern Wisconsin and northern Michigan with scarcely more reward.

The south wind that set in Wednesday increased today to a regular northeaster with

out the rain. It was great sport out on the lake in the canoe today as long as I could keep the bow in the wind & yet. Strangely enough, with the wind and waves dead abeam a canoe is as dry as a bone, riding each wave like a cork buoy. The secret of canoeing is the knowledge of how to distribute your weight at every moment.

The wind dropped off towards and it seems deadly still after the waves sound on the beach the last few days.

Thursday, July 30, 1936

Last night the Estys arrived back after an absence of three days. During those three days I had nothing more urgent to do than take care of myself and do my own cooking - which proved no hardship. However I was instructed to take my dinners down at the Pearlabe Inn as has been customary when the family is here. This necessitated paddling down each evening in the canoe about a mile or more. This is much better before dinner than after as I soon discovered.

I intended to do a bit of reading during these three days but found the more active life much more to my liking. Sunlight, sand and water with a clear blue sky overhead are rather hard to resist for the sake of reading

A few visitors arrived and one afternoon a party from Westmorland arrived to go swimming - mostly people I have met over the vicinity. Spare Time or Loafing Time I spend over at the Grayson cottage next door. There is a very pleasant porch or veranda in front of the cottage, overlooking the lake, between several many young birch trees which frame the view.

The weather of late has been perfect, with clear warm sunny days and mild moonlight nights. From the north shore of the lake as we are situated now, the play of the moonlight on the ruffled lake is a scene of great beauty on these warm summer nights. On such occasions one feels inclined to be rather sentimental nature lover.

On especially clear nights with the light wind just favorable the appearance of a lake of molten silver seems much more than mere illusion. The effect is still more enhanced by the surrounding the other faces dark woods with the whole scene framed in the window aperture. Silvery water, with the sombre pine clad hills beyond.

Nevertheless it is strange that peace, quietude and serenity such as pervades our very life here begins to pall in time. I begin to feel that inevitable and wholesome reaction from reality. That uncomfortable feeling that I am away from the well-springs that I am merely benefiting by the side of the stream which

the current flows on. This feeling I have found seems to grow in me in itself; when I am occupied at my own job, pursue a way of living for long. It is a restless and fretting feeling that surges and subsides and then rises again. There is little cure for it, and my inviting ones soul seems scant outlet for energies that demand an outlet. Physical activity of a fairly strenuous and particularly of a constructive nature helps to alleviate these urges and direct them into channels of some release. After 6 weeks of withdrawal from city and town I long for sounds of silence and industry. I never felt well that and there I would long for my quiet and solitude and not grow petty. But oh a thirsty longing that will be satisfied on this first summer night in New Hampshire's hills and forests.

Perhaps these undercurrents of self exploration would not go by the wayside, but if one is to divide his thoughts it is best to state what they are and their criticism. Furthermore it is wise to test your sanity when you are doing this and for a course of consolation.

Funny - when you indulge in introspection you always try to defend it

Friday, July 31, 1936

Made a trip to Keene today with Sig

Sety and the older grayson girl. I climbed aboard a scales in reserve and registered 15 lbs in shirt sleeves — apparently the scales were accurate to within a few lbs because there were no objections of overweight from the others.

Tonight I went next door and spent the evening around the fireside, eating some but listening more. The mayor or chairman of selectmen from Amherst is visiting the Graysons — he has a number of interesting stories to tell of Cuba where he spent some twenty years in the sugar business. Having lost practically every cent in the enterprise he returned home to Amherst, and, through the help of friends obtained the political job which has more the name than importance. Judging from his stories the sugar business is a risky either price these days, but Mr Pray does not impress me as an overseen business man.

Saturday Aug 1, 1936.

Ever since I arrived at Spofford I have been cherishing a desire to attempt a swim to Prince Island at the other end of the lake. Today, feeling fairly fit I made the attempt successfully. First I persuaded the Grayson girls to row ahead in a rowboat with a heavy sharp angling for course. The distance did it seem so great but the cold water began to sap my energy toward the

and. However I was glad to climb up on the beach and warm up a bit. The cold had gone clear through me so that I found trouble trying to warm up again. I rowed the boat back which helped greatly to get the chill out of me. According to the map in the Cotty cabin the distance is 1 1/4 miles. Swimming across any these cold lakes is rather treacherous. In some areas, for unknown reasons the water is warm and comfortable, then entirely by surprise you encounter icy cold spots. There is an extensive shoal area with several hidden jagged rocks on the line from our beach to the island - these had to be carefully avoided. After one has been swimming for some time his sense of direction and balance become dulled - probably because of the continual turning of your head - with its concomitant effect on the semicircular canals of the inner ear.

This evening there was a church service offered in Washwareland - held not in a church but at the summer home of one of the local summer residents. The house or homestead is one of the more ancient buildings in these parts, having been constructed over 200 years ago. Owing to its great age the house is a veritable museum of colonial architecture and furnishings. The rooms have been made over but all the original beams are in place

The ceilings are excessively low and rooms small.

After the supper I was invited to visit at the Davis family's summer place near Park Hill. A goodly percentage of West-Indians "year round" as well as summer young people were there. A number of games were played which admittedly are very childish but on the whole good fun. I enjoyed the evening but it certainly seemed like reverting a few many years in the process. Such games as "Coffee Pot" however are played by young and old alike at some of these gatherings. The majority of these games are of the most innocuous type but rarely all over to me.

There is supposed to be a brilliant comet visible tonight but I failed to find it. Perhaps the astronomers are over enthusiastic over "brilliant" comets after spending so many years peering through telescopes and microscopes.

Sunday Aug 2, 1936

This evening Mrs Cathy engineered a large gathering of people here on the point. Approximately 30 persons literally milled around in the narrow strip of land and on the boat house landing. The majority brought their own suppers along, but we made a great pail of potato salad to go

out. These community gatherings are becoming far more enjoyable ~~[illegible]~~ since I have become acquainted with most of the people. There is a very friendly spirit among the majority, but I am dubious as to how far it goes with some. After supper I played six games by taking the quiet out in the canoe.

A perfect day though a bit cloudy in the afternoon — warm and dry, with a moderate southwest wind.

Heard from Jim Hewitt today. He is spending the summer in Ann Arbor.

Monday Aug 3, 1936

A very ordinary day with little to recommend it as one to be remembered. Today Jay and Tom Lilly's wife arrived back from Connecticut. They went down for a few days blue fishing and brought back nothing but a sunburn.

Tonight as I was hurrying up out of the lake to get dressed for supper I hit my foot hard against a sharp rock and completely tore out a toe nail from the second toe on my right foot. I tried to find the nail but without success. I was so enraged at the speed it all happened that I was more surprised than hurt until the pain began to set in. It decreased during

ing to have to smile lying about us - discriminately.

My I spend much more time in the evenings talking over on the grayson's front porch I will never finish reading the interminable "Moby Dick". It is so much easier to sit and talk in the breeze from the lake than to pore over a book.

Saturday Aug 8, 1936

Since I last wrote the above the time has slipped by very quickly. Each night I set the journal "aside" for another day - despite my efforts to keep it up a conspicuous place.

Thursday there was an all day rain and I got some work done on my books and writing. Yesterday and today were not conducive to indoor activity.

Thursday afternoon two guests arrived and Friday noon two more. Also a third came just for lunch. At present there are seven persons in camp to cook for - and I am enjoying how much bacon and eggs goes down seven throats in the morn. - and how much coffee.

Last evening we attended the annual summer play staged by the summer residents of Switzerland. It was fairly well done in spots and the melodramatic

plate were still spattering.

Monday Aug. 9, 1936

Professor and Mrs. Charles Morgan of Amherst came this morning for dinner. The former is director of the American School in Athens, and of Greece, an archaeologist of some repute. He was quite an interesting talker but his wife nullified his effect.

Last evening there was a crowd of West-Point people and younger set down at the point. There was too much wind on the beach so I failed the frankfurts on a little fire on the sheltered side — about 50 frankfurts disappeared in short order. My "special" potatoes seemed didn't go over very well. I wonder what is wrong with my fo——la.

The weather has been more or less hazy the past few days but sunny enough. Yesterday afternoon quite a severe storm accompanied with wind & rain. There were heavy clouds and much lightning off in the direction of Brattleboro. The storm seemed to move south down the Connecticut Valley — which seems to be a fairly common phenomenon in this region.

Saturday night I completed "Moby Dick" after a long period of reading. The story in its allegorical aspects is a grandiose but admirably built in parts. Melville

efforts to eulogize the species whale result in some very dull reading. The last lines of the book are impressive and leave the reader with the feeling that all is certainly not well with life — was Herman Melville.

Tonight it is raining and cool. One of the kittens keeps mewing to get in. He is perfectly welcome except that he is confident with no other resting place than my bed. I am afraid Mr Kitten that you go out for the night.

On a collecting trip Saturday I found some of attractive orchids. One of them, Habenaria fimbriata is a handsome plant

Friday Aug 14, 1936

Today I moved many of my books and some of my clothes back to Amherst. The summer is drawing to an end.

I have been wishing for better weather to go plant collecting. Every noon it threatens thunder storms. The weather has been very cool and humid all week.

Saturday Aug 15, 1936

Last night Mr Grayson came back from a salmon fishing trip up in New Brunswick. He had been with part of a week's catch. He sent a large chunk from the largest one

I fried a bucket of steaks from it. With creamed cabbage and baked potatoes this made the best meal I've prepared so far in this kitchen. The fish I dried carefully, dipped in egg and rolled in cracker crumbs. Next the steaks went into a pan well coated on bottom with melted butter. Fried until slightly brown, in the open pan.

The heat and humidity are increasing daily but a south wind keeps it from becoming oppressive. There were storms last night and this evening but not severe. This morning about 10 o'clock it clouded up so thick and heavy that I couldn't see into the woods from the north door of the cabin it was so dark. The sky was nearly black but the clouds passed quickly with little rain or thunder.

Tuesday Aug 18, 1936

Sunday night we had another Prairie experience. Stop Paris Hill. The place intrigues me.

Monday evening we saw Euripides "Trojan Women" at the Keene Summer Theatre. A peculiar type of stage play.

Found a blackberry patch of several acres extent on the hills not far from here. Picked about three quarts this afternoon.

Late yesterday morning the wind shifted around into the northwest and a cool breeze

came from out of the hills. a welcome change from a week of humid stagnant air. Tonight the wind is fresh from the south and the waves are piling up on the beach below the point.

Sunday Aug 23, 1936

Thursday night there was a play given by the Townspeople over at the Westmoreland Town hall. The usual old fashioned melo-drama.

After the play the decks were cleared for action and a dance followed. The dance program was a mixture of waltz, foxtrot and square dances - of which the latter are beyond my present skill. After the dance we had some ice cream and cake and arrived back here about 2 o'clock - which is quite a record for the summer.

The weather was very cold Thursday night and Friday morning. The papers reported a low of 38° in Keene. Friday afternoon it clouded up and began to rain. Friday night was the Grayson's last night here so I spent part of the evening over at their cottage. Mr Grayson took the rest of my books down to Amherst. He offered me a ride to Boston Sept 3 which I probably shall not be able to accept.

Saturday there was a cold, miserable

rain all day and I was huddled near the fireplace a good part of the time. Today it was cold and wet in the A.M but it warmed up steadily all morning the day ended warm it is almost sultry. We have one thunder storm in the neighboring hills.

Friday August 28, 1936

On Monday night there was an informal supper and party at Whitney's. On Wednesday a crew from New England Boiler Service came & fixed our coal furnace down. This was my first experience with such fuel and I was favorably impressed except for the dust.

In Dickinson college they arrived this afternoon - the object of his visit seems to be very much in the nature of a call only - but there are no signs of his leaving soon. Incidentally Mr. Dickinson appears to be the quietest and most inoffensive guest. He has a good deal of conversation. I'm trying to make up my mind whether he is funny or just a pest - probably the former.

The weather has been ideal with cool nights and bright sun. Just a bit too cool to encourage swimming. The lake is definitely growing lower - with the influence of the longer nights becoming noticeable.

Saturday Aug 29, 1936

A gray rainy day, pleasant by the fireside

We saw the last performance at the Kennebunkport summer theatre tonight - "Springtime for Henry" Henry was a sketch, but he lost my appetite for summer theatres

Monday Aug 31, 1936

Rain spoiled plans for a trip to visit M.T. Secretary today. Sometime in the future I'll try again. Tomorrow we say good bye to most of the summer people at Westbrook Lodge.

Wednesday Sept 2, 1936

Mr. E. drove me down to Keene this afternoon where I took the train for Cambridge. Two hours later I got off at No. Cambridge station. Today I finished a summer which will be a very unique in my experience. Found 123 Oxford St in Cambridge very easily.

This morning I decided to accomplish the impossible (for me) by going in swimming before breakfast. The air was frigid and the lake was only better - with a cold wind stinging to the water.

Quite warm in Cambridge

Thursday Sept 3, 1936

I saw Incoming students in Cambridge Tonight first and I went down to Boston

on the subway. Boston is a peculiar [illegible] but too big to comment on here.

It was warm and rainy today, much in contrast to the cool days just passed at Stafford

Friday Sept 4, 1936

I walked down to the Charles River tonight and along the river to the M.I.T. buildings. These are an impressive sight illuminated as they are at night. Boston and its environs are very complex geographically.

Saturday Sept 5, 1936

Made a trip to Nantasket Beach this afternoon. Boston harbor is very intriguing with all the islands and channels.

The beach at Nantasket is not very impressive but it was pleasant to watch the surf and the ships going down the coast.

With the help of the tide the trip back was speedier than coming out but even at that it was an hour and twenty minutes to the docks in Boston.

Sunday Sept 6, 1936

Visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts this afternoon. A most impressive collection or collections. But I am quite ignorant of art

Music has always appealed to me more.

Monday Sept 7, 1936

Harvards Tercentenary has brought many of the worlds leading intellectuals to Cambridge. Today the talks of the psychologists Jung and Janet were broadcast over the short wave. I understand a number of the German group expected to come were detained in Germany in compliance with some of Hitler's regulations whatever they be.

Tonight I went down to Sanders Theatre to hear Sir Arthur Eddington talk on "The Constitution of the Stars. I see he has revised his estimate of the temperature of the interior of the sun from 40 million degrees centigrade to 20 million C°.

Tuesday Sept 8, 1936
+ Wednesday Sept 9, 1936

I left Boston for New York at 6 o'clock this evening — by way of train to Providence and then boat from Providence to New York. When I got aboard the boat at Providence — which is a very disagreeable town — I found that the staterooms were all taken. After about two hours of searching for comfortable chairs to sit in the night I discovered a sort of nurses cabin in the forward end of the ship — where at least there was a place to sleep. After

an sweetness overnight by the ship docked at pier 11 Hudson River about 7 a.m. without bothering for breakfast I got up to Hudson terminal and took the Tram for Newark. The fare on this run to Newark incidentally, has been cut from 35 cents to 20 cents in accordance with the same interstate commerce ruling on passenger rates. The Somerville bus from Newark took me out to the edge of town where I quickly received a ride from a motorist. With the help of two more rides I arrived in Harrisburg at 1:30 or 12:30 by standard time.

From Middletown I received a ride which took me right to the front door of the N family residence in Fleetwood. Here I am staying tonight.

Thursday Sept 10, 1936

Mr N. drove me down to Columbia this afternoon and I started hitch-hiking on the east side of the bridge. First a ride to York and then a man bound for St Louis picked me up in the west end of York. This means a ride as far west as I wish.

Tonight we are staying at a tourist place ten miles east of Wheeling.

This evening the car ran out of gas going up a long steady grade about two

miles east of Monongahela Penna. My good samaritan who is a very peculiar sort of chap, proved a most impractical fellow and it devolved upon me to maneuver the car around to head it down hill. We coasted the entire distance back to town and into a filling station.

Friday Sept 11, 1936

We left our place about 9:45 this morning and sped across Ohio to reach Vandalia by 2:45 in the afternoon. Here I got off at the junction of routes #40 and #25. There was a filling station at the corner so I walked over and inquired for a ride to Dayton. From Dayton I took the street car up to Oakwood where I reached today's destination at or about half past four in the afternoon. I am staying tonight at Bob Pools home in Oakwood. Oakwood looks familiar and about the same as when last I was here.

By good fortune tonight there was a sort of party or get together at the home of a former classmate - and about 15 or 20 members of my graduating class from Oakwood High School were there. Since I came up to Oakwood chiefly to renew acquaintances this was a most fortuitous day to arrive.

During the day I paid a visit to the high

school. Just a few years has made the place seem so different, yet is just the same as ever.

Saturday Sept 12, 1936

I left Boston on the interurban about 9 o'clock this morning and arrived in Oxford about noon.

With some difficulty in hauling my luggage I moved into my new room at Fisher Hall. There was a letter awaiting me here which contained a message to the effect that there is available a full time board job for me during the coming year. Hence I have both my room and board taken care of. With a bit of persistence, I obtained a job reading freshman psychology papers next week. The year is beginning well it would appear.

Thursday Sept 24, 1936

The customary slam bang rush of the first week of a college year has come to a close. Matters are now settling down to some semblance of routine and order.

The psychology papers netted me $5.15 this week - which will help substantially on text books.

The first week was incredibly hot and this combined with the intense activity

made a poor combination. In spite of all the weight I gained this summer is going to go fast. Perhaps a summer in cool New Hampshire is poor preparation for Ohio early fall. At any rate the heat and hay fever are miserable.

The job in the kitchen proves to be a bad time consumer – even though time put in around meal hours leaves the regular hours free. So far I've spent about 3½ hours per day in the kitchen – which is more than is expected & student help. However there is not much that can be done to speed matters up until the waiters in the dining room get broken in on their jobs.

The urge to get some physical exertion seems to survive despite the work. I got a track outfit and locker at the gym – so all I need is the time to use them.

Saturday Sept. 26, 1936

My accustomed schedule now is to arise at 5:30 –, work in the kitchen until 8:15 – and then disappear, either to work at the botany laboratory or perhaps do a bit of studying – for which latter there seems to be comparatively little time this year.

The weather is warming up again but it is just comfortable now. Wish it would stay this way the year round.

Saturday Oct 10, 1936

This week began with a rainy day and there has been very little change since. A raincoat is my constant companion, but even with that I have had to change my clothes as much as four or five times a day living nearly a mile from the classroom buildings, and being forced to rush out here at noon and back before one which makes it utterly impossible to combat the pouring rain. In all my six months around ship I ~~have~~ never spent as much time in wet clothes as I have during the past week.

Today I went to see the football game, which ended in a perfect mud fight since it poured the entire second half.

A journal of this sort is most unsatisfactory to keep, when living in a college routine. Furthermore I spend so much time working on non-academic necessities that I have scant time to keep it up as more than just a chronicle of activities. However I think I will keep it up. In years to come I may have more time to do it right — as well as much more to say.

During the past week I have made up my mind to complete my college work by the end of one summer term. If I wait and come back next year it will mean grad rating in winter and then being months

year if I go on in graduate school. Furthermore I'm becoming infernally tired of college despite the fact that many of my courses are of the greatest interest to me. There's too damn much that has to be done according to rhyme or schedule or what not. I need more time to follow my interests. Graduate school is beginning to seem much more desirable than anything else in sight.

Thursday Oct 29, 1936

Tonight a good southwester blows and the last of the years leaves are putting up a feeble resistance. Killing frosts have occurred the last two nights, and plant growth has practically ceased for the year - except for those hardy weeds that stay green throughout the winters snows and freezes.

I might mention that my noble experiment at growing dogwood seedlings was very shabbily treated last year, and this summer the entire patch of ground was allowed to revert to the weeds I had so carefully removed. Those 10,000 dogwood seeds I gathered cleaned and stratified would have produced many good trees if tended to. But such is the fate of N.Y.A projects when there is no one to follow them up.

I applied for Rhodes Scholarship last week but was rejected yesterday on the

grounds that my grades are not high enough. M thinks I have a better opinion of my abilities than my grades indicate - but that doesn't help the record. Surely the alphabetic grades should not be the sole basis for choosing applicants, but so it would seem to judge by the list of accepted men. Perhaps to ease the disappointment, the committee chairman told me I had "made quite an impression". But impressions aren't anything without results. I am beginning to realize that those grades - regardless of how they are gotten or what they mean - make much too much difference in this academic field. However if it is better grades I need so must it be.

Speaking of grades reminds me that I am doing worse in organic chemistry than any subject I've ever studied since algebra. The subject is beginning to clarify now however, and I must try to do much better. My hour examination in American literature came back with an "A excellent" on it. A peculiar scientist I am turning out to be.

For an N.Y.A. project the past 6 weeks I have been identifying and organizing my New Hampshire collection of plants - part of which of course goes into the Miami herbarium

The wind blows hard. The leaves fly. And so does the time. I have an exam tomorrow and must be up by 6:30

Wednesday Nov 4, 1936

Yesterday was election day and a Democratic landslide developed. Roosevelt is conceded 35-40 states. Landon had poor chance anyway. It would seem that the country has no mind for a reactionary president. Unless the Republicans can develop some more constructive policy than their customary rag-tag criticism of the New Deal they will be doomed for many years more. Furthermore collectivism and not individualism is the spirit pervading the world today. Example, Germany and Italy. However we need have none of their methods for a planned economy in this country.

American college students, strangely enough were unanimously for Landon. The Univ. of Cincinnati was the only school in the state which voted pro-Roosevelt in campus polls. Where are our college radicals??

I heard rain off and on during the night, and when I looked out at the bleak pre-dawn landscape this morning it was covered with snow. Now, after breakfast it is snowing hard and a thickening blanket of white covers the ground. The Norway spruce and old White Pines outside look to be in their native element now.

A year ago today I was off the Jersey coast, Baltimore bound. How I long some-

time for those things – which now seem so trivial. Yet, then college seemed essential. Doubtless, very strong, and personally enough, when I look back, I seem to have been different year than I am now. My way of living, yes.

Saturday Nov. 14, 1936

Just broke off with another girl tonight. It would seem that seems to be another obstructing the normal course of ones existence. This particular bundle was a mistake from the first view of it, but when a man gets to feeling that way he becomes stone deaf to his own reasoning.

The "might have beens" of life are strange. They die slowly, but never better again – we hope.

After being well tied up in an emotional cob web it is a good feeling to step out in the free again.

Was thinking tonight how enormously impersonal Nature is – how little "concerned" is the Whole with any one part of it. The stars gleam and the winds blow, the dead leaves fly in the gusts and the endless clouds roll now as tens or thousands of years ago. And this endless pageant continues, and will continue tens and hundreds of thousands of years hence. Where is that God, or any bond, to connect

Man with all this. Perhaps it is only within the mind of man that any such exist. To be sure if all mind was extinct so too would Mans god be extinct. Yet is this the conception of God we try to perceive. No. The God that satisfies must embrace all of life and the Universe, and not exist only in the mind of Man. But what human mind can see with the clairvoyance of Ages and the wisdom of the Cosmos. Surely life alone is not essential to God, else why so little of it in the Universe?

Sunday Nov 15, 1936

A boisterous snow laden wind proved more attractive than my books this afternoon. I ventured out bundled up in sweater, jacket, and mittens. The roaring wind over the dreary lonely hills and woods was good for body and soul. Our thoughts are clearest in the keen wind.

Wednesday Nov 18, 1936

I heard Hugh Walpole speak tonight. He dealt with the history of the novel between the mid-Victorian period and the present. His chief message however dealt with what he regards as the real values in life - not those of daily or momentary importance. art, lit-

creature and appreciation of these are the timeless values which suffer no change.

Walpole gave as the three greatest novels since 1918 as "Ulysses" by Joyce, Thomas Manns "Magic Mountain" and a novel by Proust of which I cant think of the exact title. Walpole seemed tired and not up to his usual clarity of expression. Perhaps the man is far better in the written than in the spoken word.

Friday Nov 20, 1936

Just one fourth of the school year is over. My academic work is better than ~~the~~ my average since I came to college. However if success or progress is purely subjective then I am way ahead of my usual average. I am thinking more and more that success or achievement is a value we set ourselves on our own efforts and little more. The so-called "practical man" would never assent to this.

We are nursed since infancy ~~on the~~ more "material" standards of achievement and hence overlook the more intangible values in life. I wonder if this is as should be. It certainly makes one more dependent on things outside oneself than on his own personality and nature.

Nov 24, 1936
Nov 25, 1936

After studying Thoreau, I feel very much ashamed of this stately journal. But of course Thoreau devoted more time to himself than most men could ever afford.

This afternoon I had a torturesome session with the dentist. Too much novocaine works wel on me. This tooth trouble is a burglar.

Mind over matter is a bit hard to put into practice at times.

The wind is sighing through the Pines outside the window. It is cold and clear. Last year I was out off the Jersey coast at this time, rolling along in the cold grey Atlantic.

Thursday Nov 26, 1936

I have just read Poes' Philosophy of Composition and must confess to some confusion after finishing it. It seems to me in large part intellectual rationalization. If the essay had been written before the publication and popular acceptance of his poem "The Raven", the essay would be more convincing. It seems to me that Poe overlooks one important feature in composition, viz spontaneity. It is

very true that originality and "effect" must be sought - but what of the unconscious and almost intuitive well-springs of expression I dare say many of Poes "effects" in his shorter poems were formed "in toto" in his mind before he had attempted their expression.

The very nature of this essay however is original. It is almost the psychoanalysis of a work of art. But he introduces too much unstable logic.

Tonight I discovered I had but three pairs of socks which were not well perforated both fore and aft. The other fifteen pairs are darned to damnation, but dont look so bad strung across the room drying. I wonder how many miles that fifteen pairs has travelled - every mile 'on foot' of course.

Friday Nov 27, 1936

I stopped in at Ogden Hall tonight and talked with a freind for an hour. We talked thoughts and not only words. What a world of difference between conversations with different persons. Some are conversations of words only, others ideas.

Reading through Science News Letter tonight in the library made me realize more keenly the enormous bulk of our expanding knowledge on things scientific. New furrows are being ploughed in so many fields of research

that you are lost in the maze contemplating them. You stumble over the furrows so to speak, and give up in despair. To carry the analogy further, new crops are constantly being sown in those furrows which bear more fruit for the sampling. One would do best, it seems, to pick a furrow of his own and dig. But if science alone is beyond compass how about the other fields of activity. There the confusion is as great. What hope is there to embrace more than a very little of mans knowledge. But if it were only so easy to divest oneself of the desire to know more than he can. Even though a thousand lives cannot be lived by one, it is still a comfort to know they are there. We can touch many though never all, and grow always richer for the experience, whatever it be.

Why should we try to reform the world when we derive so much occupation and pleasure from criticizing it?

Sunday November 29, 1936

I slept late as per usual on every other Sunday morning. Alternate mornings I work in the dining room.

This is another pleasant day without I can't remember a November of more

pleasant weather. There have been very few "dull dark and soundless days with the clouds hanging oppressively low."

I donned my superannuated corduroys and old shoes this afternoon and went for a walk. The sun is very feeble in late November even in this latitude. Think of the November sun in the far north.

I finished today J Brooks Atkinson's, "Thoreau the Cosmic Yankee" It is a just appreciation of the man, but the author nevertheless has not gotten all of the best from Thoreau. The only good appreciation of Thoreau lies in your own mind.

I have little time to write much any more. With the few hours I take off for exercise I'm completely tied to course work and my various jobs.

Monday Nov 30, 1936

I just completed five consecutive hours working on organic chemistry problems. I must confess the stuff has little interest for me at present.

Tuesday ~~Nov~~ Dec 1, 1936

After all that work on chemistry last night I received a zero in a quiz. Failure has its own peculiar humor! Maybe

it is rationalization but I wish I liked the chemistry professor more. He is insufferable at times. Will transfer to the other class next semester

Wednesday Dec 2, 1936

Visited Mrs. Haverhurst this evening. We had a long talk on poetry, composition etc. There was much discussion on various topics, but no time to cover them here.

Saturday Dec 5, 1936

I think the basis of intelligence test is only half sound. What the majority of these tests measure is the product of our interests. Most of the questions are based on simple facts or relations which are usually closely related to school work. Hence these tests measure the product of interests plus retaining power or memory. Many students do excellently in mathematics and very poorly in literature, history etc. Is this due to a lack of intelligence in these fields or more to neglect. Of course, perhaps, mathematical ability is a special ability. Intelligence tests at present are open to much scrutiny before they can be well accepted.

Monday Dec 7, 1936

Yesterday was thoroughly gloomy outdoors –

low sluggish nimbus dragged its burden of rain across the leaden sky all day. Towards evening the wind backed into the northwest and it became much colder — this morning the reading was 13°.

Today was one of those peculiar fragments of time, when, for nameless reasons small troubles assume large proportions. Sometimes your mind is heavy and sluggish and doesnt respond, like a wet fiddle string - So it was today.

Wednesday Dec 9, 1936

A year ago today I left the "Detroiter" at Oswego N.Y.

Friday Dec 11, 1936

Yesterday King Edward VIII of England abdicated in favor of marrying the American divorcee Mrs Wallace Simpson. This event and its foreseeming suspense has been running headlines in the papers for over a week.

Dec 18, 1936

This afternoon at 2:30 five of us left Oxford in an old Ford touring car bound

for Boston. The weather was cold and grey, with a raw east wind tugging at the leafless trees on the bleak Ohio hills. The car bucked into the cheerless wind all the way across the level plains in the center of the state. The brief day vanished into the West with no change beyond the rising wind. Towards midnight a few flakes of dry snow began to appear, darting across the beam of the head lights. In a short time the snow had increased to a blinding storm. The snow gradually gave way, further east, to a stinging sleet. In an open car, with billowed side curtains, there was little protection.

Dec 19, 1936

A cold, gray, cheerless dawn rose out of the East and spread across the Pennsylvania hills. Small scraps of ragged nimbus overhead moved quickly from the southeast, scaling the low wall of the mountains. The road wound down the river valley, turning through the hills.

The wind began to rise with a steady strength the sleet covered snow was swept from the ground and driven up the valley. The wind rose to a screaming gale. Tall trees on the mountains leaned wearily. The gray

flying sand closed in over the sky, snow filled the air, flowed over the road in a settling stream. A mad turmoil of snow and wind and sky.

Motionless calm, except for floating soft flakes of snow. The rolling hills of the coastal plain fade from sight in the west. The mountains are far behind. The dull twilight evaporates into darkness. The road leads ahead, a narrow treacherous stream of soft snow.

The snow becomes rain, The rain ~~[illegible]~~ drives out of the east in great clouds. The snow melts. The roads and earth appear.

Dec 20, 1936

We arrived in New York this morning after spending the night in Allentown. I visited a few friends and then went up to Aunt A's in Mt. Vernon.

Dec 21, 1936

With the view of warming up any prospect for a summer job I went down to the Standard Fruit Co offices this morning. Harry McKinley was there and made several introductions. I am skeptical about the chances for

a job but it will pay to try. McKinley swears by it, but since his father died he doesn't have a great deal of influence with the company.

On the way up from the pier toward City Hall, on Frankfort St a man who had been keeping step close behind the two of us, tapped me on the shoulder and told me he wanted to see me for a minute. Seeing my look of distrust he reached in a pocket and pulled out a leather folder. A flick of a button and there was the U.S. Gov't customs badge. I protested mildly more amused than concerned while he made a systematic search of my pockets, overcoat lining etc. Finding nothing, he excused himself but offered no explanation beyond the comment that he would tell me next time he saw me. I continued up the street rather puzzled. To McKinley he paid no attention.

McKinley took me out to visit Manual Training High school in Brooklyn. The place resembles a subway station at the rush hour with the swarms of students milling about between classes.

Monday Dec 21, 1936

Aboard the S.S. Arrow - the boat for Boston. This vessel resembles no arrow for speed. I stayed on deck until we passed under 59th St Bridge. New York harbor never ceases to fascinate me.

Monday Dec 28, 1936

Here is Walden Pond stretching away to the low hills on the opposite shore. The lake is intensely blue, ruffled by a westerly wind. Waldens waters are as clear as the air above. Tall straight pines stand scattered here and there over the low surrounding hills. Brown leaved oaks and white-skinned birches line the curving shores. There is no sign of house or man here now - only the clear cut outlines of the hills against the wind swept winter sky.

The sun is dropping down and toward the trees in the west. The shadows move eastward across the pond. The wind blows fresher and colder. It is time to return home. I leave Walden but I take its memory with me. Never again will it be quite as beautiful as on this lonely winter day.

Jan 7, 1937

I last wrote in this journal when I was sitting on a fallen tree on the shore of Walden Pond. Now I am back in Oxford again and much has happened since.

Christmas day was replete with good food and the comforts of home. This was the first Christmas in 7 years when Fred and I and mother were all together

During my week in Cambridge I spent about an hour and a half each day studying organic chemistry. During those hours I learned more chemistry than in a month in college — or so it seems. I took my text book and notes home with the intention and the necessity of improving my work in the course. It is essential that I do well in the examination.

After spending time in Widener library our library seems very small indeed.

Along the shores of Lake Erie we had difficult going on the way back. It had rained all night going across New York state, and the dawn broke gray and drab in the east. The wind shifted around from south to west and northwest and colder. There was a rolling plain sloping down to the sandy, rock studded shores of the lake. Brown grass and leafless trees were swaying in the wind. The great gray waves were breaking along the beach with a prolonged roar. Beyond was the wild rolling plain of the lake — with no ships or signs of life, only the gray water.

Friday Jan 8, 1937

Today the temperature rose to nearly 70° which is most unusual this time of year.

The last three days the weather reports called for snow and much colder, but the balmy air continues. I see in the weather map that there is a very deep low pressure area over Illinois. This is imparting vast streams of warm air from the south. A high pressure area to the northwest will dispell the warm air and winter will return. The temperature gradients are extreme in the middle west states between the high and low pressure areas. This morning it was 60° at St Louis and 16° at Kansas city, just across the state. Such gradients are highly unusual and must create or accompany terrific winds. At present there is a strong southerly wind here which will probably shift westerly as the low pressure area advances eastward.

In San Francisco and along the coast of California heavy snow falls occurred.

Owing to the weather, or some other cause, an extensive "flu" epidemic is raging at present over the country. In Denver Colo. all the schools are closed. In some larger cities hundreds of deaths have occurred.

Tonight I borrowed a bicycle and rode up town to mail a few letters. Coming back the night was so black and the sky so weird looking I rode out away from town

and the lights to see the sky better away from the glare of the streetlights. But on the dark roadside the glare of the city of Hamilton, 13 miles away was plainly mirrored on the low curtain of clouds which were scudding northward wondrously low. The air is mild and moist, like the warmth of spring returning - but tomorrow?

Saturday Jan 9, 1937

To continue discussion of the weather. During the night the temperature fell sharply to near freezing. The rain which fell intermittently through the night froze to all exposed objects coating them with a sheet of ice.

Tonight more rain fell and froze. All the trees are heavy laden with a thick coating which crackles sharply in the wind. This is one of the most severe trials the climate inflicts on trees. How they toss sluggishly under the burden.

Tonight I wrote a letter to David Fairchild asking him for advice in ~~the~~ entering the field of government work in the Bureau of Plant Industry. That letter plus finishing a few drawings occupied the entire evening. Had I gone to the basketball game and dance when would I have

found the time for this? My time seems to be even scarcer than my money.

Today I spent eight hours identifying plants on my N.Y.A. job or project. $2.40 for this seems scant pay!

Thursday Jan 14, 1937

We have become amphibians in Oxford. This morning about 5 A.M. there was a rain of genuine cloudburst proportions. This settled down to a steady all-day rain. Later, in the afternoon a second torrential rain descended.

The campus, streets, fields etc are covered with small but swift streams of water. The earth is completely saturated. Each drop that falls merely runs off.

The sleet which fell last Saturday remained on the trees for three and a half days before this rain began to melt it away.

Friday Jan 15, 1937

More rain last night. It stopped as the temperature fell. Since Wednesday morning 3.00 inches of rain have fallen in Oxford - all within a 24 hour period.

I went down the hill to see the Tallawanda today before the high water recedes.

directly below the Fisher Hall grounds it is nearly a quarter mile across the flooded fields, and a swift current swirls along. I distinctly remember during the spring of my freshman year that this stream was nearly dry by mid-May.

The erosion going on here is terrific. Each drop of that water contains soil from cleared fields - and much of it is good fertile soil - gone forever now.

The Ohio River at Cincinnati was just below flood stage tonight - 52 feet. At Louisville the river is just over flood stage at Evansville had 5 feet above.

Saturday Jan 16, 1937

Everywhere time is wasted. Registration for the semester wasted hours. Waiting for hours for supplies in the chemistry laboratory wastes more time. There seems to be so little time and so much to be done. Will I ever know how to relax after this year?

Today the weather was cold and mostly clear. The sun appeared for the first time in a week.

Sunday Jan 17, 1937

A dull and gloomy day. Sullen gray clouds finally broke into a rain. Rained all afternoon.

Monday + Tuesday Jan 18 and 19, 1937

The wheels of the education-mill are geared to high speed. We, the student-worker-grade-wage-earner rush through the assigned tasks. Production must go on - no time to think of the finished product.

How I long for time to follow my own interests in studying and working.

Thursday Jan 22, 1937

I think a second Deluge is upon us. The skies sweat incessantly under the heavy burden of ~~of~~ sullen gray clouds. We are surrounded by and talk much of rain. It is everywhere - in the fields roads, walks, in the air and sky - but perhaps most of all, in the newspapers.

Tonight the big Ohio reached a stage of 64.5 at Cincinnati, the highest water recorded since the flood of 1913.

The predictions were for 58 or 59 at first - with assurance of no more. Then the

predictions were periodically raised. A two inch rain last night changed all this. The predictions now are for 66 or 68 feet. And still it rains. This month's fall is nearing 10 inches now.

At Cairo Illinois the Ohio river has been at flood stage or over for 10 days

The strange aspect of the present flood is that it began at the mouth of the river and worked back. Pittsburgh reported flood levels some time later than Cincinnati which in turn was later than Cairo. However under the influence of continued heavy rains the river is rising along its entire 980 mile length. Today for the first time since the Weather Bureau has kept records it is at or above flood stage at all gauge stations

Today I studied about 6 hours, yesterday 7. Tomorrow I have two 3 hour exams. The deluge of work is as persistent as the rain. I trust the results will reach flood stage also!

I think the most amazing thing about civilization is the fact that it ever came about. Certainly it is built on the efforts of a small fraction of men. The majority of men cannot adapt to it. The result is social problems, disorder. Society overwhelms many of us and leads to frustration. We

nevertheless cannot escape it. Even Henry Thoreau was inextricably entangled in the mesh he tried to escape, or straighten to his choice. Herman Melville succumbed to the struggle but his writings are the monument to the battle that went on within him.

I'm afraid I cannot keep up this pace of working and studying much longer. How I envy men who can study at the printed page 10 and 12 hours a day. My fancy is too prone to wander far and free.

Friday Jan 22, 1937

I finished two examinations today - American Literature and History of Education What a world of meaning and appreciation separates those two courses just completed. Writing my American Lit. exam. was as near a pleasure as an examination can well be. There was opportunity to develop thoughts and interpret ideas. The Education exam. on the other hand was limited to jotting down plus and minus signs before questions or statements. The so called objective test is a bane to modern education in my estimation - but apparently it is being more and more widely accepted by educators.

Today the Ohio river reached a stage of

71 feet which is only 1/10 foot below the all-time record set in 1884. The river is still rising.

The rain of last night changed to sleet this morning and continued all morning. At noon it began to snow and has continued. Northeasterly winds.

Sunday Jan 24, 1937

All news of the outside world is subordinated to flood news. The papers are full of it. The radio stations are completely occupied with warnings bulletins etc.

The flood is unique in the history of the Ohio valley. Never before has the river risen to this height. Tonight at 6 oclock the river gauge at Cincinnati was 75 feet and rising.

The snow of Friday reached a depth of 6 inches and remained on the ground Saturday. Today a heavy rain began to fall on it and with all this additional water now running into the tributaries the weather men have given up predictions.

The city of Portsmouth yield to the situation and the city was deliberately flooded to save their new $1,000,000 62 foot flood wall. The city is isolated with all gas, light and water shut off.

The City of Cincinnati is facing a crisis

also, with danger of contaminated water supply etc.

at 10:30 tonight the radio reports were:

"Ohio at 76 feet and rising at Cincinnati the entire city of Cincinnati is in darkness the only light available is for emergencies only. This is supplied from Dayton.

"A tank of 250,000 gallons of gasoline was upset and ignited, spreading over the flood waters at North Bend Ohio Another tank of like size overturned at Delhi Ohio.

at 11:45

The entire city of Louisville is in darkness. The river there rising rapidly.

all bridges over the Ohio river have been closed.

at 12:30

The river passed 77.2 feet at Cincinnati and is still rising. Coast guard boats are being shipped from the Atlantic coast to Cincinnati.

Monday Jan 25, 1937

This morning the river reached a stage of 78.8 feet at Cincinnati - and rising. Among the coast guard boats in use in Cincinnati are some which were employed in the Morro Castle disaster off the Jersey

coast several years ago.

Houses by the dozen are reported swirling down the river.

Levees broke near Cairo Ill. and flooded 130,000 acres. People in towns along the river are being removed with block and tackle from attics and roof tops.

Meanwhile the river rises along the entire course from Huntington W. Va to the mouth at Cairo.

At 10 P.M the river reached the unprecedented height of 80 feet at Cincinnati

The radio stations in Ohio river towns are devoting their entire broadcasting time to flood news & bulletins.

President Roosevelt declared a "War Time Emergency" and ~~[illegible]~~ arranged to appropriate $700,000,000 for flood relief in the Ohio valley.

~~[illegible]~~

Tuesday Jan 26, 1937

The Ohio paused in its rise at 9 o'clock this morning - at 80 feet (79.99 officially). It remained at this level for 6 hours and is falling now at the rate of .01 foot per hour.

Churchill Downs in Louisville is reported under 6 feet of water.

The situation in Cincinnati is fairly

well under control now except for the water supply which is dangerously low.

The prediction is now being made that a mammoth flood will sweep the Mississippi valley. 2,000,000 acres of M. river valley are now under water.

Wednesday Jan 26, 1937

1:30 P.M. On a hilltop above the Ohio river at Cincinnati.

The water glutted Ohio valley is below the hill, before me.

Two miles up the river from here a point of land projects from the Kentucky shore. There is no land to be seen now - only the house tops and trees on it. Chimney tops only mark the position of many houses. The water flows through the upper branches of trees. Thousands and thousands of houses are marked only by their roof tops above the water. A bright sun shines down, ironically, on all this devastation. The sunlight sparkles in the water. The water covers land now that never before was hidden from the light of day. Surely there were no floods such as this before man settled this valley.

Later at 5 P.M in Oxford.

The flood in the lower Ohio valley is

designated a super flood. Fires in Louisville have cost an estimated 2 million dollar damage. At Paducah Ky. plans are being made to evacuate 45,000 persons.

President Roosevelt tonight gave orders to prepare for the evacuation of all lowland in the entire Miss. valley from Cairo Ill. to New Orleans. This would involve moving 1,000,000 persons and a fleet of 35,000 trucks is being mobilized if the necessity arises to begin the evacuation.

I climbed to the 40th floor of the Carew Tower today when I was in Cincinnati. I was forced to climb since only one elevator was permitted to run. From that height the entire sweep of the river was visible above and below Cincinnati. I saw from up there a large barn floating down the river. It struck the concrete support of the railroad bridge, up ended, disappeared and then reappeared on the other side unharmed. Such sights make one realize the great forces set free in a flood of this size. Yesterday several buildings went floating past Cincinnati with people clinging to the roofs.

Along 3rd St in Cincinnati I poled my way to the waters edge. There were U.S. coast guard cutters beached on the street - an incongruous sight in the

city streets.

Saturday Jan 30, 1937

The semester ended today – no fond farewells.

I saw the movie "Winterset" tonight. It was very effective with a dramatic quality rare in the movies. The entire action was played in a circumscribed background or setting. This seems always to heighten dramatic effect.

Sunday Jan 31, 1937

Cleaning up my room today I found several lists of books which I read during the summer of 1933. Among the titles were:

"Cruise of the Snark" – Jack London
"Log of the Snark" – Charmian London
"A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf" – John Muir.
"Sämmtliche Märchen" – Anderson
"Typee" – Herman Melville
"General Astronomy" – F. Spencer Jones
"Australia Felix" – ~~Anderson~~ Richardson
"Fortunes of Richard Mahoney" – Richardson
"Mars and its Canals" – Percival Lowell
"Perfect Behavior" – Donald O. Smith.
"Adventures of a Tropical Tramp" – Foster

"Lauterbach of the China Seas" - L. Thomas
"Tropic Shadows" - Sappani Middleton.
"The Little Savage" - Marryat.
"In Western Nights News" - Remarque
"Dr. Jekyl & Mr Hyde" - Stevenson
"A Vagabonds Oddyssey" - S. Middleton
"Masterman Ready" - Marryat
"Love Among the Cape Enders" - Kemp.
"My South Sea Island" - Muspaatt.
Inorganic Chemistry" - Ostwald
total = 6000 pages.

There is much inspired comment about the flood and the causes of it - mans ignorance of nature. Hear it on the radio and read it in the papers.

Friday, Feb 6, 1937

Each day I plan to write in this journal and then find no opportunity to do so.

By sheer force of effort the past month or more I have raised my organic chemistry grades to a B for the semester. With in increased effort I am coming to like the subject more and more. The semester grades came out as follows

Amer. Lit. - A ; Plant Ecology - A ; Zoology A ; Hist of Education - B ; Org. Chem - B. This is some improvement over the general average the past three and a half years. ~~Plus~~ With the three jobs which take my

more of my time than studying for courses, I cant complain of these results.

Of course I have to smile at my satisfaction over the grade earning capacity - I who inveigh vigorously against all forms of grading. I think it is impossible or impractical to place too much faith in a grade. Grades are supposedly objective measures of ability, but ability is to a great extent a subjective phase. The extreme fallacy of testing + grading resides in the so-called objective tests. This form of testing or examining defeats one of the primary purposes of education viz; expression. Given a sheet of paper on which to mark down a given number of + and - signs the student has scant opportunity to develop his ideas. Any opportunity for expression is removed

Then too the "true" or "false" method of reasoning is a dangerous one to cultivate. One who claims to be a scholar is scarcely willing to brand statements dogmatically as true or false. The greater the knowledge the stronger the aversion to dichotomous reasoning.

There is a continual struggle waging on a college campus. It is between the forces attracting one to reading and study and the forces attracting one to a more "sociable" life. You so frequently hear the statement "Dont hide behind the books, get out and develop your

personality". The spirit behind such statements is almost ~~that of~~ a feeling that by forsaking the intellectual you find the key to success. But what do campus activities, social diversions etc. have to offer any great opportunity for developing personality. A few months in the world far from a college campus will teach one far more of adaptation to society and his fellows than a year in college. Furthermore the one opportunity afforded by college or any educational institution is that of learning and study. If one should forsake this for what he can well obtain elsewhere there is poor logic in the reasoning.

To develop ones personality it seems that experience is a prime necessity. This experience can be obtained in one or both of two ways (1) by reading first hand or (2) by personal contact. These points apply to both individuals and to situations. Of the two, the latter alternative is more desirable. As far as persons are concerned, it is necessary to cultivate friends. But to do this with value and profit to all it is necessary to go far beyond that realm of social talk which circumscribes merely what is termed friendship.

I was pleased beyond words by a letter received from my american dit cousse professor. He wrote:

"I want you to know that your exam-

ination paper in American Literature is one of the best papers I have ever received from an undergraduate. In its thoroughness, completeness and accuracy, and more significantly in its judgment and spirit, it is a distinctive record of a semesters reading and thinking. I appreciate it perhaps more than I would otherwise, because I know that it represents but a part of your interests and pursuits.

I wish you well, always, and I expect you to do fine things

(signed) Walter Havighurst.

this surely is the strongest incentive for effort and work.

Tuesday Feb 16, 1937

Today I was asked to write a few editorials for the Miami Student newspaper. Since when have I become possessed of editorial opinion?

Yesterday the weather paid us a fresh visitation. A strong south wind rose to near gale force, uprooting several trees in the lower campus. The temperature rose rapidly to a high of 74° which is most unusual for this date. About 5:30 the western sky became very dark and ominous. The low

lying clouds began to drive in from the north-west presaging a change in the surface winds. Soon a heavy rain began to fall, driven in by a north west wind. The temperature dropped sharply.

[Thursday Feb 11, 1937

Last night was the coldest night of the winter, to date – 10°F.

Sat Feb 13, 1937

I received several encouraging letters from Harvard today. Prof. Fernald cordially wished for my success in obtaining a fellowship. Dr Westmore also wrote encouragingly. Perhaps my visits during christmas vacation will prove of some value.

I think the most fascinating phase of evolution is the inconceivable complexity of living creatures, and their extraordinary diversity. All this complexity has been moulded from the simple protoplasmic "Urschleim", It is not the nature of creatures – of plants or animals even more wonderful than the manner in which they came about.

Monday Feb 22, 1937

Clear sky, fleecy white clouds, a bright warm sun and a brisk wind.

Yesterday brought one of the strongest winds I have ever seen in this region. Many trees fell, one nearly atop me as I was walking up through the woods in the lower campus I had just passed when the tree hit the walk behind me.

Friday Feb 26, 1937

This week my first editorial in the Student appeared. I was foolishly pleased by several compliments by professors.

I spent nine hours on an experiment in organic chemistry - with no results. I must repeat all but my errors. Perhaps I am too conscientious in my laboratory work but I am getting to enjoy the course more and more. I have determined to get an A in the course by the end of the year.

Time, time - there never seems to be enough of it.

Imagination is a difficult beast to harness when there is hard work to be done.

Pure thought is a heavy diet, but it fattens the mind.

Superficialities are most discouraging after

obtaining a grasp of a subject.

Where is a happy medium between establishing your own convictions and keeping an open mind to those of others?

March 4, 1937

Day by day the year is passing. I will be so glad when it is over.

Here is my afternoon schedule for the week: Tue, Thurs chemistry laboratory from one o'clock to 4:30 or 5. On Wednesday - Plant Physiology lab 1-4, with a lecture afterward from 4 to 4. At 5:15 each day I go to work until 6:45 - eating dinner is reduced to a minimum of time.

"Ich bin des Treibens müde."

March 14, 1937

More unfortunate teeth trouble. I had several very miserable sessions with the dentist. The bill is perhaps the least cheerful aspect of all this.

Last week end was a perfect one - clear, and warm and sunny. Today there is nearly 6 inches of snow on the ground. During the past 24 hours it has snowed close to a foot, but most of this melted as it fell. Now it is colder and remains on the ground.

This snowfall exceeds the previous cincinnati record of 5.5 inches for any day in March. This year broke both the November and March snowfall records. But there was very little in Dec. Jan and Feb.

Norman Thomas has been here on the campus the last few days. His attitude, clarity, and program of ideas appeal strongly to me.

This afternoon Thomas' speech was well attended by the students. It is unfortunate that his is but a voice in the wilderness. I showed think that social planning would appeal more to young people than it does. Last night, after an open discussion at Benton Hall, I went up to meet Thomas and while there I asked him why socialism was not more widely accepted by Americans. He attributed it to (1) apathy. The failure of people to change in their ways of thinking to keep pace with the changing times and (2) to deficiencies in our educational system. He was probably referring here to the indoctrination of "American Ideals" in our public schools.

Tuesday March 16, 1937

My second editorial appeared today in the Student. I must confess it was largely inspired by Thomas' speech recently. I entitled

it "College and Change" I wonder if anyone thought of money when they read the title?

Saturday March 20, 1937

The vernal equinox today. This begins the better 6 months of the year.

Thursday March 25, 1937

Today a friend from Wakefield Mass, and I started hitch-hiking to Boston - for the spring recess. There was wind and snow and freezing cold. We arrived at Akron Ohio at 7 P.M and are staying overnight at the Y.M.C.A. - a fine tall new building.

Friday March 26, 1937

Snow, cold and strong N.W winds. Cloudy all day. Few people are on the road and there are long waits between rides. Every car that passes raises hopes that fall. We had one long ride from Cleveland to ~~Jamin~~ N.Y.

We finally arrived at E. Aurora tonight and were forced to stay here. There is much snow on the ground and it is still snowing. The temperature is down to 15°.

Saturday March 27, 1937

Our luck became worse and worse as the day dragged along. Snow flurries fell off and on during the day. There are drifts of snow six and eight feet deep in the western part of New York state. Very little traffic. We wait hours for rides in the cold air.

A street corner in Skaneateles New York. The road slopes below us ahead, rises behind. The cars crunch the freezing snow on the street. The wind blows occasional swirls of snow through the damp air. Skaneateles Lake lies below the town, nestled in the hills it is an emerald sheet of frigid blue. Too many hours of this destroyed hopes of getting to Boston. We tried the road to Syracuse and quickly arrived there. We left Syracuse on the bus for Boston - around midnight. We are forced to wire for money.

Sunday March 28, 1937

Arrived in Boston at 12:15. The snow was left behind when we got east of the Hudson river. In Massachusetts the temperatures are much milder than back in that snow-covered expanse in western New York.

Monday March 29, 1937

I visited Walden Pond again today. The weather is beautiful, though cool.

Friday April 1, 1937

I learned today that I have been awarded a scholarship to Harvard Univ. this year - in the Division of Biology. The Anna C. Ames Tuition scholarship. How nervous I was when I saw the dean and asked him.

Friday April 2, 1937

The weather is very disagreeable for the first day this week. Tomorrow I leave for Ohio

Monday April 12, 1937

A long silence for these pages. The mid-semester grades came out today - they brought me 5 A's and one B. Organic chemistry has finally been won over - I received an A. The course is one of my main interests now.

The days are passing by speedily, and I am attempting to make use of them as they rush along. All my activities are shaping themselves for next year. I am determined to do my best at Harvard in the fall. If I

can make the best use of my time there is still some value to be gained from the rest of the year here. The scholarship has been a strong incentive for working harder this year.

Wednesday April 28, 1937

Several of us made a short and hurried trip to a small swampy area near Middletown Ohio to collect plants. There were several species new to this area growing in the damp boggy spot. Caltha palustris, Senecio aureus and Cardamine bulbosa. The great leaves of skunk cabbage gave more indication of the bog environment.

Saturday May 1, 1937

Three of us went today on an all day collecting trip down along the Ohio river into Indiana. There were a number of new species including Sophia pinnata, Saxifraga virginiensis Dodecatheon Meadia, Viola canadensis etc. Also a small delicate fern which is probably Cystopteris sp.

The vegetation along the hills above the river was about a week ahead of that in Oxford. I noticed that fagus nigra was flowering, also the paper trees.

The effects of the January flood are in strong evidence along the river valley. In some of the river towns many houses and buildings on each street are missing from their foundations. Many houses and barns can be seen deposited helter-shelter along the hills by the receding waters.

In Lawrenceville Ind. many thousands of empty whisky barrels of the Amer. Distilling Co were carried away. These can be seen along the hillsides on the Indiana shore - marking the high water line on the hills way above the road.

I had a date with Mary Adele tonight. It is seven months now since we have more than said hello to each other.

Wednesday May 5 1937

It would seem that the above person is occupying far too much of my time. But it is difficult to remedy the situation.

Monday May 10, 1937

The situation has been remedied. But it was a bit of gall to swallow. Strange that one of my best friends should the other point in a triangle. But it was really a quadrangle - three men and a girl.

May 22, 1937

On Sunday the 16th a field trip to Spring Hill Ohio netted some curious plants. There is a filled peat bog near the town which possesses a very curious flora. I brought back with me several "sun dews" which are doing well in my room. Tonight I experimented feeding one of them some small red ants with which the dormitory abounds. The tentacles on the leaves respond in about 20 minutes. Darwin's book on "Insectivorous Plants" is a well of information.

The college year book came out today. Soon the year will be over. I dont like to think of saying all the good byes which will be necessary. Leaving your college friends is a parting of ways which will never meet again.

Wednesday June 9, 1937

Events have crowded in rapid succession.

On May 28 the Ecology class left on a trip to the Gr. Smoky Mtns. We spent the first night in the gymnasium of Maryville College, Maryville Tennessee — upon invitation. On May 29 we struck back into the mountains south of Cades Cove Tenn. Climbed to the top of Gregory Bald on the

N. Carolina & Tenn. line. Plant collecting was beyond all expectations. There were dozens of new species and my vasculum was filled in short order. There is a wealth of species in this flora.

The weather was perfect the entire day. The summit of Gregory Bald is a grassy dome some 5000 feet above sea level - overlooking an immense panorama of mountains and sky. ~~Fo~~ To the east, the south and the west the Smoky mountains line the horizon, blue in the haze of distance. One could feel that on this bare mountain top the ages have stood and rested. There is an eternity of land and air and sky.

Collected about 111 species today.

On May 30 we climbed the Chimney Tops - a most strenuous struggle through jungles of Rhododendron. I made the climb in about 45 minutes but I wouldn't relish the attempt again. Later in the day we drove up Clingmans Dome and walked to the summit. This is the second highest peak east of the Black Hills. The temperature on top was some 20 degrees cooler than in the valley.

Wednesday June 2 Examinations began. Bernetta Frye is a far more likeable girl than Mary Adele. I wonder why I didn't

realize that sooner. Too bad, when school is over she will be gone too. It is well I worked and studied so much during the spring months - now that examinations are here I find my thoughts far from books.

After the Commencement, even though I will not graduate until the end of the summer term, I feel that college days will have. Most of my friends are gone and I will never see them again.

Saturday June 12, 1937

The town is deserted by all who can escape. It will be another week or more before summer school begins. Memories haunt every corner of the campus. Time hangs like lead on my hands. All year I had looked forward to this week of leisure. Now it is hateful to contemplate. If there were only more to occupy mind and body.

For the next week I will wait table at Wells Hall - serving meals for the most august body of Miami University house mothers. How I would like to walk in smoking my pipe, with a tray of plates in my hands.

Tonight it is miserably lonely. There are only three people in whole great building.

Sunday June 13, 1937

Tonight is my last night in Fisher Hall. Tomorrow I move into a room in town. I said so-long to Phil Blaisdell today. I am sorry to see him go. Phil is a very likeable person and a good friend. Tomorrow he graduates and I'll probably not see him in the crowd.

Monday June 14, 1937

The 98th annual Commencement is over. Oxford is nearly completely abandoned. The student population here is about twice that of the town normally, so that the change is rather abrupt when college closes. The campus is deserted tonight and very beautiful with the green of spring still fresh and free from summer's heat.

Tuesday June 15, 1937

After months of mental discipline and constant activity it is very disturbing to find time suddenly free on your hands. Particularly when you wish in the strongest way that you can be elsewhere and with someone else. All that this boredom is producing is a lot of worthless psycho-

analysis. Oh yes, it seems very serious to me now - but in a month or so -? But I didn't realize how very much you can miss a person. How stupid though, last summer it was someone else.

Somehow or other I have an idea that this week will be my most persistent memory of college - though far from the most pleasant. Now I long for activity.

Thursday June 17, 1937

This is a lazy, peaceful, dreamy summer evening heavy with the pungent odors of plants and the earth. Out here in the fields the sunset burnishes the western clouds. They seem like great golden sand bars against the blue water of the sky. The clouds are so silent yet appeal to us so strongly. They form and float and disperse with the whims of the wind.

Strange, the winds and sun and clouds and sky are eternal, and yet ephemeral in their moods. But through the agency of these simple forces acting on the land beneath Life was formed. That little plasm called living matter first formed from simple stuff as this. Therefore we are a part of this Nature we see, though now how distant from it. But a long chain of life leads

back to these simple elements. We sometimes almost perceive our unity with them - or is it only that we wish to. Do not this the concept of God we have most: the sensitient presence of Nature

These thoughts are difficult to express because they are feelings rather than thoughts. Words are hard to find to express feelings. Words by their nature crystallize the meanings they convey. Feelings shift and flow and lose meaning when set into words.

Today I received my semester grades. They are the best since I have been in college. As follows: Org Chemistry - A; Plant Ecology - A; Plant Physiology - A; Botany tutorial - A; Botany honors course - A; Educational psychology - B. The organic chemistry pleases me no end - and how I disliked it at the beginning of the year.

~~Friday~~ Sunday, June 28, 1937

I left Oxford this morning about a quarter to nine and reached Sandusky Ohio about a quarter to five this afternoon. The entire trip cost only a few cents and only a few rides sufficed to get me up here.

About 6:30 this evening I walked out on a quiet country road leading south of

Castalia, Ohio. The country here is quite flat and uninteresting. Bernetta Frye's family certainly picked a gloomy home for theirs – a large old red brick building.

Saturday June 19, 1937

We took the boat from Sandusky to Cedar Point where the day passed very pleasantly. The air was cool but plissant and a brisk east wind whipped up a surf on the beach. Tomorrow morning I leave for Oxford again.

Monday to Friday June 21 – 25

Classes again. Work and more work. This summer I am living in town, working for my room, Meals I receive for waiting table at Wells Hall. I am assisting in the summer course in botany on four afternoons per week. In addition taking a physics course and completing the work for honors in botany.

The breakfast is served in summer at 6:45 so it necessitates getting to work before 6:30 to set my tables. This means arising at 6:10 each morning.

Saturday June 26, 1937

Since my trip to Castalia I have been

suffering a very considerable loss of interest in returning.

Saturday June 26, 1937

My conscience bothers me considerably for going out with another girl — but Margaret Early seems ideal company.

Wednesday June 30, 1937

This day is my twenty second birthday. Several very welcome presents arrived, including a large suitcase from Aunt ~~M~~

Margaret E. left today for Detroit. She will be here no longer this summer. I think she was fully as sorry as I to part. Perhaps I shall see her again. Strange that I should have known her all this spring and then wait until the last few days to become acquainted. She expressed the same thought last night. I have a feeling I'll never see her again.

Tuesday July 6, 1937

Here is my schedule for today:

6:10 — awake to the jingle of an alarm clock.
6:20 - 7:30 - set tables, ate breakfast and waited tables at Wells Hall
7:40 - 9:30 - physics lecture (very dull)

9:30 – 10 – chapel at Benton Hall

10:10 – 11:05 – studied hurriedly in the library.

11:05 – 11:25 – came back to the house for my mail, washed up and went back to Wells Hall to prepare for lunch

11:30 – 12:45 – had my lunch and waited table.

12:45 – 1:00 – fifteen minutes of rest.

1:00 – 4:15 – assisted in botany lab. Dr. Stark lectured most of the time.

4:15 – 5:00 – mimeographed quizzes for next weeks hour exam.

5:00 – 5:15 – back to my room and washed up for dinner.

5:30 – 6:50 – Set my tables at Wells Hall, had dinner and then waited tables afterward. I have the head waitress worried over my system of setting tables quickly.

7:00 – 7:20 – My job for my room required that I take 20 minutes off to fix a kitchen faucet washer. Mrs. McKee likes to talk too much.

7:30 – 8:45 – I cut the lawn, or most of it, and hoed weeds until dark.

9:00 – 9:30 – studied a short time in the library.

9:30 – 11:00 – mimeographed more botany exams.

11:00 – 11:30 – spent a half hour in con-

versations.
11:50 — to bed.

This is perhaps busier than some days, but in general quite characteristic of the summer so far.

This week Mr Haughurst recommended me for an assistant in the Amer. Lit summer course. A Dr Clancy from Beloit college is instructing, and the class is too large for him to do all the exam papers. I took the job, which will probably bring in 25 or 30 dollars this month. Clancy is a fuss-budget of the first water.

Saturday July 10, 1937

Yesterday I decided to go to Detroit. So made arrangement in the dining room to be away Monday. I found a ride to Findlay and left about 5:30 in the afternoon. The trip was dogged with bad luck all the way. A flat tire about midnight occurred very close to the Hardin Co. line — the night was black as pitch and there were no towns for miles. We had no spare and no pump. After getting the tire off the car slipped off the jack and settled on the brake drum —

fortunately with no great damage. Finally some farmers came along and helped us. We arrived at our destination at ~~[illegible]~~ 2:30 A.M. To bed at 3:00 A.M.

Today I got up about 7:45. The broiling sun was already beating down over the flat plains around here. The ground in this region yields a natural gas which is permeated with H_2S odor. The silverware and all metal exposed turns black very quickly. The odor permeates everything.

I went down to Findlay, but since it was so unspeakably hot, and I so dog-tired lugging a suitcase that I decided to go down and spend the week end in Dayton instead of going on to Detroit. Furthermore I would have arrived in Detroit unexpectedly.

I walked through Findlays long hot Main St. and on the south side of town picked up a ride with an automobile transport headed for South Carolina. I decided then to go on to Oxford instead of Dayton. Arrived in Oxford at 6 o'clock. tonight - just in time for dinner.

This was a fools journey, but at least furnished a diversion. I'm rather glad to be back in Oxford.

Sunday July 11, 1937

A special delivery letter for me ~~when~~ I awoke late this morning.

"I only wish that I could have more days like those with you in Oxford".

So do I, but they are past and I guess best forgotten.

"Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage
Jene holde Zeit zurück.

Thursday July 15, 1937

There is no cessation of the stifling heat. Each day there are thunderstorms, but the sultry heat remains. Damp clothes take hours to dry, furniture is sticky to the touch, paper is soft and wrinkles noiselessly. The nights are deathly still, with no breath of air and no sound save for the insects in the fields.

Tonight I sit in my room, stripped to the waist and perspiring uncomfortably there is a faint rumble of thunder northward and the stars are disappearing in a thickening haze. Lightening flashes on clouds still faintly white from the late sunset. I can hear a host owls' wierd wail – and the ceaseless crickets in the meadows.

Friday July 16, 1937

Across my desk I can see through the porch door to the north. A monstrous thunder head is piled wantonly over the horizon. The sun has set, but its last rays are reflected brilliantly on the fleecy cloud banks above. Below this glowing mass of sunlit clouds is a mass of livid green and slatey blue, now and then faintly outlined by the tremerous flicker of lightening deep down in the belly of the storm.

Now a heavy dark cloud rolls slowly and ponderously across the glowing thunder heads. The last rays of the sun are eclipsed. The sombre darkness is broken faintly by the flicker of lightening.

I must settle down and finish reading these examination papers.

July 27, 1937

I passed the botany honors examination - after writing for four hours on three consecutive days. I have very little time to write with the commencement and attendant necessities only a few days off.

July 30, 1937

This morning I received my A.B. degree from Miami University. The ceremony was short and simple. The July heat and sun made academic robes unbearable.

July 31, 1937

This is my last night in Oxford, Ohio.

Aug 1, 1937

Through arrangements with a former Miami professor living at present in Watertown Mass I am driving a car east to Boston. The car is an old 1929 Dodge, left here since October in a barn west of town. This car is proving a great boon in moving my luggage east. However I found it necessary by a series of hasty negotiations to license the car (by proxy) and arrange to get it on the road. All this with my own money, for which I have been promised reimbursement on arrival in Watertown.

On the way toward Cleveland I stopped in at Oakwood and paid a few calls. Few of my former high school friends are in town. P. Pickrel is in Europe.

Aug 2, 1937

I left Cleveland at 10 this morning, after staying overnight with a Jewish friend in Cleveland Heights.

It is now noon & a calm summer day. The blue waters of Lake Erie lies below the bluff. Out on the broad surface of the lake shoals can be seen here and there. A few ships are struggling slowly across the horizon. It is very quiet except for the soft wash of waves below. The warm sun is relaxing and tall grass waves lazily in the breeze.

In this hour of peace and quiet I can scarcely help but recall the four years of college just over, and think of the years to come. But they will be better years by far I'm sure.

Tuesday Aug 3, 1937

At Westmoreland New Hampshire this afternoon late. I saw some of last summers friends and drove around Sroffard Lake before turning south to Amherst.

Last night on the road south of Syracuse, about two thirty in the morning the moon rose over the hills to the east. Shortly afterward I noticed a strange pro-

tuberance on the lower cusp of the moon. As it rose higher this while "drop" appeared to be absorbed. Later the "drop" reappeared on the opposite side of the moon from the dark part of the disc between the horns. The "drop" grew larger and brighter and finally was free of the moon. It was not until after a bit of recollection that I remembered this was the occultation of Venus by the moon — a relatively rare phenomenon which I had read was to occur.

Dawn came slowly last night and I became rather sleepy driving. The valleys and lowlands along the road were shrouded in dense white fog. From the hilltops, in the moonlight, the view was a fairyland of white mist, with the hills like islands from a white lake. These valley mists quickly dispersed when the sun rose.

Somewhere just over the Vermont-N.Y. state line I left the car and caught a few hours sleep in a cool spot in the woods.

Tonight I am staying overnight at 37 College St in Amherst.

Wednesday Aug 4, 1937

I arrived in Boston tonight not long

after dark. Mother is all alone in Cambridge this summer. Fred is working in the Adirondacks

Friday Aug 6, 1937

Mt Vernon N.Y.

Yesterday I took the bus from Boston down to New York. I hope a job turns up for me for the rest of the summer. I will go down to the Standard Fruit Co tomorrow

Saturday, Aug 7, 1937

There seems no chance of a job in the next few days. Any job coming up seems to depend on conditions arising after the ships are docked.

I wandered down to the Battery this morning. The squalor and filth of the harbor and waterfront is not so evident on this little island of green. I have always derived satisfaction from watching the harbor from here.

Tuesday Aug 10, 1937

I obtained my seamans certificate of identification and certificate of service today.

Capt Lie of the "Detroiter", was working here as an official in the Bureau of Marine inspection. With his influence I got my

papers in an hour or so. Had I waited in line it might have necessitated coming back tomorrow.

This afternoon a man collapsed in the tiny park at the foot of Broadway - Bowling Green. The crowd immediately closed in on the man keeping off what little air there was in motion. Watching all this the noise and roar of the city suddenly seemed louder and more pitiless. The scrawny little trees casting a pitiful shade suddenly seemed futile in this forest of tall buildings and mountains of concrete and steel. "You twelve winded sky" is far from this stuffy canyon.

Aug 26, 1937

On Aug 17 a job with the Fruit company fell through.

On the 18th I drove Aunt Anna & Mitzi up to Ithaca New York where we stayed at my cousins apartment. His first child was born last week. On the 22 we returned to Mt Vernon.

Way before yesterday I tried again for a job but no success. This is very discouraging but I must be patient.

Seems to me that if people can see

only as far as their hat brims they shouldn't tell others what the world is like.

Aug 31, 1937

Any hopes to work for the Standard Fruit Company are over for the year. I had hopes of getting down to the Caribbean this summer but they will have to be shelved.

I read Conrads "Victory" recently. I must read more of Conrad. He seems to have a grasp on the "essentials" which is far from common.

Sept 1, 1937

Opposition to science seems most strongly centered in the opposition to accept impersonal and incontestible proof.

I think intellectual honesty is a rarely appreciated virtue.

If one thinks before he speaks he has much less to say.

Sunday Sept 5, 1937

Huntington, Long Island.

A north easter today swept gray heavy clouds across the sky. We were planning a sail in the Sound today

but it is much more comfortable indoors.

Monday Sept 6, 1937

Today came clear and blue with a fresh northeast breeze. My cousin and I spent the whole day sailing his twenty footer out in the Sound. Yesterdays wind raised heavy ground swells from the east which made fine sailing.

Sept 10, 1937

I have spent considerable time sailing in Long Island Sound this week. Sailing a small boat is infinitely more enjoyable than running a motor boat. Matching wits with the wind is a satisfaction all its own.

Soon I leave to go up to Cambridge.

June 17, 1938

On board S.S. Orizaba 11:45 P.M.

I have not kept this journal for nearly a year now. But it seems a trip to Cuba is well worth chronicling.

The Orizaba left pier 13 E. River at 4:10 today. We are now well past Atlantic City about 15 miles off the Jersey coast. There is a light sea and gentle southerly wind. It is becoming warmer as we proceed southward.

The last time I came through Ambrose channel I was standing at the ships wheel — for different today.

The last nine months have been days of hard work and scant time to loaf. Now there are three days of sheer nothing to do. I am almost discouraged at the prospect.

June 23, 1938

Soledad Cuba.

The soporific laziness pervading a sea voyage produced no more entries in this journal.

The passage down was very calm except for the first night out. I brought books along but I read scarcely more than the message written without words. The message that only the spirit of relaxation reveals.

Down where the trade winds blow

and push their white clouds up over the rim of the world there is a regularity and a calmness in the day which is never seen in the north. It is very pleasant and very monotonous.

The true representation of impressions is very difficult and never satisfying. The translation of feeling into words is exceedingly difficult.

June 24, 1938

The lazy carefree days preceding our arrival in Havana seem well in the background now. However in the rural environment of a Cuban Sugar plantation the speed and energy of the north seem only products of the imagination. All things are swathed in a lazy calm.

Each day the fiery sun arches overhead, and then drops to the west. The trade wind blows steady all day and the palm fronds wave gently. Occasionally there is a rain and black clouds discharge torrential downpours. The fields and cane fields drink up this water greedily, and then the countryside relaxes as it were in the cool air after the rain.

We arrived at Havana on Tuesday morning, the 21st. Passed Morro Castle just as the sun cleared the horizon to the east. After some considerable confusion we got settled for the day at the Florida Hotel on Obispo St.

The city of Havana in its older portions compares in no way with American cities. The extremely narrow streets, unbelievably narrow sidewalks and window-less shops and houses attest to the old Spanish influence.

Among the more easily found an interesting sites (sights!) are Morro Castle; the old Spanish cathedral in which Columbus is supposed to have been buried, and the Capital and Central Park. The Prado and Malecon are pleasant walks

At the western end of the city is the American section. Here the finer homes and beautifully landscaped estates may be seen.

[This section may be reached by the Playa trolley car from Central Park]

By night Havana is pretty different than by day. The noise and confusion in the narrow streets is gone. People walk in the streets where the sidewalks are narrow

We visited "Sloppy Joes" bar - but I was not greatly impressed by it except

for the gigantic display of belles to be seen.

By night, in the cool breeze, the Prado is easily Havanas most pleasant attraction.

June 26, 1938

Soledad.

Sunday is a "rest" day here. We arise at 7 instead of the customary 5:30.

Today it has been cloudy all day - which they say is unusual for this time of year.

This afternoon the temperature fell to 75° after a brisk breeze.

June 30, 1938

My 23rd birthday today.

July 2, 1938

Yesterday I took a walk along the ridge south of Harvard House. There is a beautiful panorama from the ridge across a broad valley and over to the Trinidad Mtns in the distance. The valley and lowlands are a mosaic of sugar cane fields, pasture lands and banana or-

ards, dotted here and there with the ever-present thatched roofs. Right out in the open on the ridge is a solitary palm tree, very tall and straight.

The whole world here seems bathed in light and heat and moisture. Nature seems more generous in the tropics. Much of the incentive for working seems absent here. Each day resembles the last and the stimulus for activity slowly subsides. This does not mean that work, even hard work is not not possible in such climate and environment. It means rather that the urge for activity is lacking. One must continually supply the urge for effort.

Despite its brown and muddy water the "swimming hole" is one of the pleasantest spots in the garden. Out on the dam the sun burns hotly but you need only to roll over to be in the water. When the wind blows the banana leaves rustle softly, and across the water tall bamboos sway in the breeze.

In the mid-afternoon there are always great white masses of cumulus clouds piled wantonly over the mountains to the south east. These great clouds gather quickly and often dispersse as quickly. A rumble of thunder is usual during the afternoon but it is no sure hint of rain.

Today Heinsch and I cut down a palm tree in the garden (Elaeis guineensis) The heart was very soft and quite tasty It is similar to cabbage, but rather too white in appearance

Saturday July 2, 1938

Mañana has come, or is it still mañana. A characterless monotony pervades Nature.

Wednesday July 6, 1938

My ignorance of horsemanship was somewhat remedied today. When I found myself still "aboard" after a fast gallop my hopes rose rapidly.

We set out due east from Soledad until crossing the Rio Arimao, then south along the stream to the town of Arimao, and back across country to Soledad. This ten or twelve miles was more than enough for a beginner. and tonight it is not yet comfortable to sit down.

The countryside was fresh and clean in the early morning with a bright sun in a clear sky. Along the interminable cane fields the road is hot and dusty. The Cuban countryside round about is quite

monstrous, though not without a certain beauty.

The plant known as "aroma" is the most objectionable bayard in riding. This plant was accidentally introduced from africa and has over-run vast areas in Cuba, virtually removing great areas from cultivation. The plant seems to do best in the dry savannah lands in the interior. Aroma (Dichrostachys nutans) is closely related to Mimosa. It is a heavy woody shrubby tree however attaining height of nearly 30 feet. The wood is very tough and the plant is nearly immune to the machete method of elimination. The leaves are somewhat sensitive as in Mimosa.

Thursday July 7, 1938

The rewards of horseback riding are being felt today. With no exception I have never before had so many sore and lame muscles.

The gigantic wasp (Pepsis mildei) often seen in the fields here is a curious insect. The natives call it "caballo de diablo". The wasp is dependent upon the tarantula for completing its life cycle. The spiders are stung into inertness and eggs deposited in its abdomen. Frequently the

spiders escape but the wasps land usually between the spider and the entrance to the burrow.

Digging tarantulas is not very often successful. In five attempts I captured only one - There are better ways of snaring them with yarn I understand but I have not been successful with this.

Several days we have had a delicious drink known as champola made from the soursop. The recipe:

Cut the fruit, remove the pulp and grind it through a colander or sieve with enough milk to make a syrupy mixture. Add more milk and press in a fruit press. This may be repeated again. Add sugar & salt to taste and shake thoroughly. One average fruit is enough for 4 or 5 portions.

Sunday July 10, 1938

We went in to Cienfuegos today to the yacht "races". All that was held when we were there was a crew race.

The majority of Cienfuegos' "elite" were present - a typical Cuban crowd with much heavy perfume and gear of white clothes.

My captive tarantula is doing well — on a diet of assorted flies and bugs.

Yesterday while I was in the garden I went down to the clump of Ravenelas for a drink. I saw nearby a large snake and many lizards clustered around the carcass of a bloated dead heron, which had lodged in the crotch of a tree. I was not able to see whether the snakes & lizard were feeding on the dead bird or on the insects around it. The snake escaped into the water.

Today was the hottest day since my arrival here — up to 94°. The humidity however is quite low. Scarcely a day passes that it doesn't reach 90°, but this is not really uncomfortable because of the constant breeze

Thursday, July 14, 1938

I was caught in the garden when two thunderstorms began ~~converging~~ overhead this afternoon. The lowering sky, rumbling thunder and glare of lightening were not a pleasant setting for the small hut down in the garden. But there was little to do but wait

it out. I sat inside and watched the failing light come in the door. Outside the tall palms along the road were standing rigidly still in the breathless air. The lightening and thunder ripped close by but no rain fell. Suddenly the clouds began thinning out in that peculiarly whimsical fashion of tropical storms. However it did not clear off but continued to threaten rain as I walked back toward Harvard house

Tonight about 8 o'clock the thunder storm moved overhead and a terrific 'barrage' of thunder and lightening followed, accompanied by a torrential rain. The lightening played about incessantly in a way I have never before seen. Three times it struck our lightening insulators - or so close that there was no perceptival interval between the light and the sound. This violent storm continued for over an hour before passing off to the north. Thunderstorms are very rare down here at night.

Friday July 15, 1938

Another rather violent storm occurred this afternoon - but not as intense as yesterdays. The real rainy season weather

is here now with a continuous high humidity at all hours except around noon. There is thunder to be heard almost continually after noon until late afternoon, though not always does rain result. Nearly every afternoon of late a cloud pall has gathered over this region and to the south. This screens the late afternoon sun and accordingly the evenings are somewhat cooler.

Monday July 18, 1938

Today four of us made a short excursion on horseback into the country southwest of Soledad - down toward Cienfuegos Bay and the Caonao river lowlands. Crab holes made dangerous footing for our horses and the heavy muck was bothersome in places.

I noticed a peculiar epiphytic plant growing on a Bignoniaceous tree ~~t~~ (Catalpa sp). Dr Roig who is visiting here tells me it is a Loranthaceous parasite quite common in Cuba.

In the low swampy ground in the river lowlands the shallow brackish water ~~and~~ wet muck teems with countless hordes of small hermit crabs. These latter are so numerous that as

you ride along the very ground appears to move as the animals shy away from the horses. I cant understand whence comes the source of food for this gigantic army of crabs - but they seem to thrive despite the competition

From several hilltops beyond the causeway along the marshes there are fine views of the surrounding country - rolling hills dotted with the ubiquitous Royal Palms. To the south and west was Cienfuegos Bay and the long blue line of the Caribbean sea bordering the southern horizon

On the road back toward Soledad we skirted a large area of heavy timberland (Blancos woods) for nearly a mile before turning into the woods. This area of forested land is the largest tract of this kind in the region, and affords some clue to the nature of the original forest before it was cut by the Spanish settlers.

We walked the horses slowly through the woods and there was ample opportunity to observe the vegetation. There is a great abundance of lianas and vines in the heavy woods, and the tropical appearance is sustained largely by these. The aroid lianas are the most vigorous

growing of these. The smaller trees in the woods were apparently various species of Eugenia or some related genus.

Ride back to Soledad was punctuated by intermittent showers.

I secured a fruit of the Hura crepitans to take home. They say these explode violently when dried.

Tuesday July 19, 1936

This morning at 4:30(!) we had our last breakfast at Soledad and an hour and a half later were on the train headed back for Havana.

The train follows a different route going north from the one we came in on. Hence there was a chance to see more of the country. Knowing something of the language now and more of the people made the long ride free of monotony.

We arrived in Havana in a heavy thundershower one of those showers so characteristic of afternoons in the tropics.

We had our dinner on board the Oriente and then spent the evening in Havana. About 2 A.M the ship left the pier and dropped down the harbor. It was a windy night and the sea was breaking along the Malecon as we passed

El Morro at the harbor entrance. The lights of Havana dropped quickly below the horizon and by 3 A.M. the island of Cuba was far astern.

Friday July 22, 1938

Yesterday the sun set over Cape Hatteras in a blaze of red and gold. Today dawned gray and misty as we eased by the Jersey coast. A rain began to fall as the ship passed up the harbor. This was a dreary scene to greet the eye after weeks of tropical sun and warm clear days.

Monday July 25, 1938

Today Hensch and I began work at the Biological Laboratories. I will probably work until the term opens the end of September.

The trip to Cuba seems like a pleasant dream now. The scholarship or travelling grant of $300 covered all the expenses. ~~and~~ Never before have I spent a more healthy and wholesome six weeks than the time since we left New York.

Wednesday Sept 21, 1938

No entries have been made in this journal since I returned from Cuba.

Today the most destructive storm ever recorded struck the New England area. For several days a tropical hurricane has been slowly moving up the Atlantic Coast out at sea. This morning at Weather Bureau map time the disturbance was east of Cape Hatteras attended by strong gales. Then this afternoon it had arrived over Long Island and moved up the Connecticut valley. This unprecedented sudden shift in the path of the storm was accompanied by a sudden increase in intensity.

In Cambridge the wind began to rise early in the afternoon and steadily continued to rise until it reached hurricane force about 5:15. At 6:00 the anemometer on the Geographic Institute recorded a wind velocity of 95 miles per hour. At East Boston airport a wind of 90 miles was recorded for several minutes and several gusts of 100 m.p.h. Never before have such wind velocities been recorded here.

The force of the wind was incredible. Hundreds of trees in the immediate vicinity

of Harvard Yard were down in a few minutes after the heavy blow began. As I walked out of the building here the wind was sweeping flying leaves, debris, and branches of trees before it. The air was pungent with the odor of fresh wood. Above the roar of the wind was the sound of cracking and splitting tree limbs.

I made my way cautiously down to the Charles the better to see the wind on the water. Giant gusts of wind blew the spray clear across the esplanade. It was almost incredible that such waves could be on that narrow stretch of water. Gusts of greater strength stripped the tops from the waves. One could lean steeply into the wind and feel its support. Shouting to windward one's voice carried no more than a few feet.

The sky was a peculiar yellowish color but there was no lightening and little rain. After 6:30 the wind began to slowly let up and veered from the south east into the southwest. Towards midnight the wind was gentle from a westerly quarter.

Aug 13, 1940

Cambridge, Mass.

For reasons obscure I have recently become infused with the desire for maintaining a journal of some character in which to chronicle events and ideas. The prolonged dormancy of this journal, begun over five years ago, was largely induced by the pressure of time and work when I first entered graduate school. Then, having unconsciously lost the habit of writing a daily or weekly account, I found it more desirable to regard my journal as a thing of the past – a sort of personal curio to be examined in later years with a curiosity and interest increasing with time. A five or six week trip to Cuba in the summer of 1938 re-stimulated the urge to write of personal events, but the desire subsided upon returning to Cambridge. Research, and the occasionally painstaking composition of scientific articles furnished more than enough outlet for my "literary" urges. To say nothing of writing notes + exams.

However, in view of the catastrophic events in Europe and the world at large, it seems rather more of interest today to keep account of both public and personal views. In this way

a personal ~~record~~ journal can become a record of both the events of a man's life and the influence of the world upon it. To maintain a purely personal account seems unduly introspective and short sighted, and this journal henceforth will not be directed to that end.

During the past week I have rewritten the sundry entries in my journal which were made during my last year in college. The facts and ideas in these entries were copied unchanged, though the expression was improved where possible. It seems somewhat necessary in the spirit of a journal to sketch in the events since leaving college and entering Harvard in the fall of 1937.

I arrived in Cambridge about the middle of September (1937) and began shortly after to look about for some means of earning money or board etc during the school year. I had as assets about twenty dollars plus my tuition scholarship - nothing more nor any prospect of more. Before the term started I made a few dollars on various odd jobs - wall washing etc. Shortly before registration I got a board job which carried in addition $2 per week pay. This job, at the Ambassador Grille in Cambridge, I found impossible to keep after classes

began because of the amount of time required. The shortage of time was made much more acute by the fact that I was advised to take four regular lecture-plus-laboratory courses. The excessively long hours put in on laboratory work was largely induced by an overconscientious attitude - which however proved a good investment in the long run.

The job at the Ambassador I resigned within a few weeks and for a source of money I borrowed $200.00 from the University. This freed all my time for work and study into which I entered with extreme energy and seriousness. I write this now with a smile, but I also with the realization that to repeat the performance ~~was~~ it would require the most extreme effort.

During Christmas vacation I worked in the Paleobotanical collections at the Museum and earned about [illegible]. All of this plus some fourteen dollars more went into an unfortunate dental bill which was necessary. However some employment in the museum continued during the rest of the year making it possible to earn spending money. Without this it would have been very difficult to get along.

The first semester ended with a very good academic showing and much pleasure

al satisfaction. At the end of the semester I decided to change my field of research from Plant Taxonomy to Plant Morphology and began my research under Professor I. W. Bailey whose knowledge and abilities inspired the greatest respect and admiration. Prof. Bailey's kindness, and interest in me were deeply appreciated. In the spring of 1938 we completed jointly my first manuscript which was sent in for publication in June 1938.

My first year in graduate school ended with a success I had scarcely believed possible. During the spring I received appointment for assistantship in a course the following year, completed a manuscript for publication, received a grant of $300.00 for travel and stay in Cuba during the summer, and received excellent grades in courses completed. This sudden change was hardly anticipated when I came to Cambridge in the fall with my scholarship and twenty dollars.

The trip to Cuba during June and July was very enjoyable and proved its value in more ways than scientific. After returning to Cambridge I worked in the Biological Labs until the end of September - earning $225.00 thereby for the

summer.

In the fall of 1938 I began conducting the field trips for the University Extension course in botany. This is interesting work. The personnel of the class is largely adult. Interests chiefly of the non-technical type. This type of group presents grievous problems in teaching to the young graduate student struggling to master the difficulties of his own work. I learned much of teaching that fall.

More extensive experience resulted from assisting in and taking over the laboratory work in Biology 2 in the spring of 1939.

First met Margaret on Feb 22, 1939. We first went out on March 11 — I took her to see "Pygmalion" in Boston. It was a calm night with a soft heavy snow falling. When we came out of the theatre the city streets were deep in snow. Back in Cambridge we walked across the Common, with the snow falling silently all around us.

Finished the first part of my thesis in the spring of 1939. This was published in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical club in April 1940.

The summer of 1939 I worked in the Paleobotanical collections at the Museum. Earnings for the summer $270.00. During the summer I spent several week-ends and a four day "vacation" in Provincetown with Margaret. Those hasty week ends were

combination of pleasure and annoyance. Pleasure in going and annoyance at leaving.

On Sept 1 1939 Adolf Hitler, the "liberator" of Germany sent his army into Poland and thereby plunged Europe into a devastating and futile war, which is being carried on now over a vastly remodelled map of Europe.

The vacillating regimes in England and France resulted in a dinosaur of strength in Germany. Accordingly, the helpless European democracies have fallen one by one under domination of the germans.

Early in the war there was much talk of the impregnable Maginot Line. Today France is a vassal state, under German rule. So also are nine other free countries in Europe. Only the English remain. Most of the traditional conceptions of Europe during the

the 1920's and early 1930's have been wonderful. If ever a war was instigated by evil people the present war is one. It is true that England and France are possibly in largely to blame for the toleration of Germany's internal turmoil and failure to help remedy it, but never in the annals of history can it be proved that the Germans under Nazi rule have not been responsible for the devastation brought upon Europe.

During the rapid campaign in the conquest of France public opinion in this country underwent a drastic change from complacency to concern. The unbelievable news that France was defeated has brought us face to face with a new factor in the world. Perhaps never again within my life time will there be that peace and apparent security of the 1920's and early 1930's. If Germany is victorious in Europe there will be long years of armament and threats of war and loss of prosperity. Sept 2, 1939 ushered in a very different world which may be with us for many years to come.

Aug 16, 1940 Friday

Today Margaret drove up to get me and we left for Provincetown early in the afternoon — by way of Woods Hole and the south shore of the Cape.

The rooming problem in P'town is rather acute and the best I could locate before it became too late was a transformed kitchen with a bed in it — @ $1.00 per night. Tomorrow I will find quarters for the next 9 or 10 days.

It seems very good to get away after the last 10 weeks in Cambridge.

Saturday Aug 17, 1940

The weather is quite warm for this water-encircled town but it is fine swimming even in the cold water at the "New Beach".

This morning I located a satisfactory rooming place. The house is a typically miniature Cape Cod house but clean and neat. There are four Sassafras trees in front which stand about 25 or 30 feet tall. These surprised me greatly. The landlady says they are very old.

Monday Aug 19, 1940

Today a strong northeast wind blew with increasing strength until later in the

afternoon it shifted into the west. The gray and warming with white caps and rough water on the harbour was a considerable change from the sunny days the last week.

This afternoon Margaret and I walked back inland northwest of town to the line of tall dunes on the north rim of the cape. What a waste land of sand and wind and lonely sky the dunes are. We climbed up atop a very tall dune where the sea stretched away to the east, and north and south ~~[illegible]~~ to the horizon. Here only your thoughts can bind your to earth ~~[illegible]~~

The sand dunes at the end of the cape are very extensive and unexpectedly high. Many are ~~[illegible]~~ actively migrating through the dangerous sand hills northwest of Provincetown are well checked by plantings of pine, grass etc. Northeast of town many of the dunes are invading forest land covered with a dense underbrush and rather stunted oaks and pines. In places, formerly buried forest is being reëxposed. The wood in such areas is in an extreme state of decomposition, being black & nearly so and quite powdery. Apparently this decay occurs rapidly.

In amongst the sand hills and dunes are occasional bogs and a few small

sands. These bogs harbor an interesting flora and there were a few new species I collected in one spot — i.e. species new to me!

On the way back I noticed a fly impaled on a blade of ammophila grass. The wind had driven his body against the blade and he was impaled squarely through the abdomen.

We picked a few huckleberries on the way back. These are Gaylussacia baccata of botany. Their taste is excellent but the seeds are large. Blueberries are nearly past season. Entire acres of land here are thickly carpeted by blueberry bushes which produce a fine crop. Beach plums are scarcely turning color yet. Beyond these few plants Nature provides no further food in this barren land.

Wednesday Aug 21, 1940

Today we went swimming at Corn Hill beach across the bay from Provincetown. At Corn Hill the Pilgrims in 1620 supposedly unearthed some Indian corn buried in an iron kettle under the sand. The tribe presumably was from some unfortunate village ravaged of the east coast of the Cape, sometime prior to the Pilgrims arrival.

The water at the beach flows in by

a northwest wind was uncomfortably cold. After swimming down along the shore and back for about a quarter mile I came out on the beach in the cold wind and commenced a most prodigious shivering and shaking.

The beach here shoals off very gradually as is characteristic of the beaches on the bay side of the Cape. The fine deep sand and the westward slope of the beach make a fine beach for swimming.

The weather remains unseasonably cool.

Friday Aug 23, 1940

Today a fresh southwest wind came up and tonight there was a mild thunderstorm, mostly to the north. Seems rather cool weather for thunderstorms.

Saturday Aug 24, 1940

This morning a strong north wind blew from a crystal clear sky. At Race Point the intensely blue water was specked clear to the horizon with white capped waves. It seems more like fall than summer. In the lee of the wooden bulkheads and houses on the beach along the harbor the sand was hot and dry however. The clear sky and hot August sun soon dispelled feelings of fall and the cold

world.

A week down here has completely relaxed me and I don't want to leave. There are some feelings of restraint and confinement on this sandy barren peninsula but they soften when you think of the road home.

Monday Aug 26, 1940

This is my last day in Provincetown and may be the last for a long time to come. This morning Margaret and I picked huckleberries for several hours. I have a great quantity of them to take back with me.

The weather remains unnaturally cold. According to the paper yesterday brought the lowest reading ever recorded in Boston during the months of July and August in 69 years of records. The temperature fell to 46°. In the inland and central regions severe frosts were reported. At Concord the thermometer fell to 34°. Here in Provincetown the temperature got into the lower 50's during the night.

The last of my summers collecting on Cape Cod ~~[illegible]~~ yielded a half dozen or more species. Many species grow in such restricted spots down here that a representation of the flora presents many problems.

Tuesday Aug 27, 1940

Today I returned to Cambridge. It seems quite some time ago that I left though I am not enthusiastic over ending my vacation. Pure clean air and sunlight are not good preparation to return to the city.

Sunday Sept 1, 1940

A tropical hurricane of marked intensity was reported yesterday morning 225 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras, moving northwestward. Later in the day it altered to the north and is heading in direction of the New England area. Storm warnings are up from Cape Hatteras to Boston.

Today early the sun was shining brightly observed occasionally by steamy white clouds moving from southwest. The wind, southwest this morning backed to south + southeast later and increased. This afternoon it was moderate to fresh and fairly steady. Hermit clouds began to appear and a thin haze spread from southeast. The sky had a peculiar look late this afternoon but this sometimes occurs in weather such as this when a moist stream of tropical air flows northward.

I bicycled out to Revere Beach this afternoon somewhat expecting to find that the

hurricane might commence operations soon. However it was not different than might be expected on a late summer day. It seems clear that there will be no hurricane like that in September two years ago.

Later today I heard over the radio that the storm had altered toward the northeast and would pass close to Nantucket Island early Monday. East winds of gale force are forecast for tomorrow.

Tonight however seems a calm quiet night with no hurricane anywhere within hundreds of miles. The wind of this afternoon dropped down to a breeze and the night is calm and still with only the sound of insects close by and the roar of the city and traffic in the distance.

It was just one year ago today that Adolf Hitler gave the word to his fighting forces and the war began. It began with a brutal and devastating conquest of Poland. Today Poland is still in ruins with its largest cities still untouched in any wide scale reconstruction. One year ago Germany was a turbulent state in Central Europe at the threshold of a year of conquest. Today it is dominant over most of the European continent. The most significant change brought about in this country is the enactment of a compulsory military training bill now being deliberated in its final terms in

Washington. Let us hope that the necessity for this and all such measures will pass within a few years.

Sept 2, 1940

The hurricane of yesterday passed swiftly out to sea some distance south of Nantucket Island. This morning the highest wind velocities were reached at Nantucket - 50 m.p.h. and little effect was felt elsewhere. A simple change in direction of the storm averted a repetition of the storm of Sept 1938. The weather here today has been strangely unsettled with scattered showers and occassional sunshine.

I bicycled up to Horn Pond Hill this afternoon and found a most excellent blackberry patch on the north slope of the hill. The berries and mosquitoes kept me so busy I scarcely noticed a rain squall coming up. It seems that you pay for every blackberry with a mosquito bite.

Sept 3, 1940 Tuesday.

Today Great Britain received as an anniversary present for the first year of entry into the war, 50 recommissioned United States destroyers. This move which has been debated for months came at an opportune

time. Perhaps the moral more than the material value to the British will be much the greater as a result of this step. In return for the ships the U.S. receives air and naval bases in British possessions in this hemisphere. Hence from the standpoint of defense this move brings results at both giving and receiving ends.

Perfect summer weather is returning after a rather unpleasant Labor day week end. I wish more of this September warmth had occurred during my August vacation.

A year ago tonight the British Steamer Athenia was torpedoed off the coast of Scotland with a loss of life of over 125 persons. A years time has fairly conclusively established that it was torpedoed without warning. The Nazis claimed first that it was sunk by collision with a British floating mine. Later they advanced the story, still maintained by them, that it was deliberately planned by the British to create feeling in the U.S. against Germany. A number of Americans were killed in the disaster.

Sunday Sept 8, 1940

This was a fine clear day and compar-

tably warm. I rode by bicycle up to Middlesex Fells and spent some time collecting a few new specimens. Spot Pond, with its clear blue water and tree studded islands is a beautiful view on a cloudless sunny day. But, like all such places in this region it is completely fenced off, as a part of the Metropolitan water works.

This week end has brought the most devastating and savage air raids to London. Yesterday an estimated 400 persons were killed and 1400 seriously wounded in London itself. Great armadas of hundreds and even estimated thousands of german planes came over in "seemingly endless" waves. This destruction is solemnly designated "reprisal attacks" by the Nazis, in retaliation for the "barbarous attacks" by the British on Berlin by night.

Tuesday Sept 10, 1940

I read today Erika Mann's recent book, "The Lights Go Down". There are ten stories of the tragedy that plays into the life of people in Nazi germany. Ten short, clear and [illegible] variations of the pathetic truths that are commonplace in germany today. The brutality, terror, immorality, and cruel despotism that characterize the "Greater Reich"

are very depressing to read, the more so because they are true. Such things make one understand better how the English and French hoped and relied on the internal collapse of Germany.

But Germany, far from collapsing, is yet engaged in the destruction of London. Today at 2 5 more air attacks drove home the war closer and closer to the civilian population of London.

Tonight women and children are leaving London by thousands. The part of London is temporarily closed due to demolition of docks.

Today, also, the Italians distinguished themselves by bombing a completely undefended, non-military Jewish city in Palestine — resulting in some 50 deaths.

More and more reports indicate that the Germans are preparing to invade England. If only a decisive defeat in such an adventure ~~might~~ occur there would be a turn in the great tide of unrest in the world.

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During the past week I prepared several hundred more herbarium sheets and added them to my collection. I now have nearly 900 sheets of mounted specimens identified. The total number of species in my slide collection is also a bit over 600 species. The mounting of slides I have not resumed.

Oct 14, 1940

As soon as the academic year begins a lethargy seems to overcome the daily journal habit. Perhaps it is just as well, often what seems important one day is forgotten the next

Margaret came back to Cambridge on Sept 14. A month has passed since then but it seems a very short month. I have spent a good lot of time the last few weeks finishing up odd jobs of various sorts in order to clear the way for finishing my thesis in plenty of time. I find it increasingly difficult to get down to that task. So many other things distract the moments.

The fall weather has been holding up wonderfully. The coldest weather to date was the cold spell the week I was in Provincetown!! The last few Sundays we have been getting out into the country. The autumn coloring is just passing its best now - and these warm October days are hard to spend indoors.

Saturday the 12th we went up to New Hampshire, climbed Monadnock Mountain. I was amazed at the hundreds of people who also had the same intentions. The trail up the mountain was crowded, and even late in the afternoon there was a

regular column of people going up. On top there were only a few. It was a warm somewhat hazy day, ideal for a climb of this sort. On top of the mountain (3260 ft) it was quite cool and a stiff westerly wind buffeted over the bare rocks. The summit of Monadnock is a curious, desolate, bleak mass of fractured gray rock — broken into great blocks and fissured and cracked. In small rocky pools are a few plants. Around the margins small clumps of Juncus and sedge. On the windward ledges and cracks densely tufted clumps of Juncus cling. There is quite an abundance of Potentilla tridentata near the summit. Dwarfed spruce grows in small alpine bogs here and there. Also much Sorbus americana. The upper 700 feet of the mountain is devoid of forest cover and the ~~scenery~~ terrain is wild and barren with ~~the~~ scattered green clumps of trees and shrubs against ~~the~~ bare gray rock.

From the summit there is a fine view which would probably be extraordinary on a clear day. Much of New England's beauty and charm are apparent from whichever direction you look.

We stayed on top until the light began to fade and the air began to grow cold. The trail back was deserted and not too easy

to follow in the twilight. At the foot of the mountain there were campfire and singing – and bright moonlight coming through the trees.

Sunday Oct 27, 1940

Today Margaret and I went out to Weston late in the afternoon for a walk. The reservoir there is one of the most perfect and beautiful little lakes I have ever seen. A small pond surrounded by low hills and rocky banks. Small cliffs and headlands of granite rock. Pine trees have been planted at well spaced intervals close to the water, closer together further back. The little lake was intensely blue and clear nestled down between the green pine clad banks and the distant hills in the background. The ~~strongly~~ slanting rays of the sun threw every ~~single~~ minute detail into sharp contrast. The colors were intense with the green of the ~~conifers~~ Pines, and the red brown of oaks and the soft brown of the meadows and grassland. Below and above there was the indigo blue of sky and water. The cold wintry wind brought ~~everything~~ things into sharper focus. After sunset the landscape was a panorama of silhouettes with all things

sharp against the twilight glow in the west and southwest.

I brought back with me several hand fuls of a "bouquets" of Andropogon grass — "Old Man's Beard" grass. The long spikes, bearing hairy seeds, glow softly against the light. Andropogon scoparius is a common grass in this region and lends much to the beauty of the autumn landscape.

Nov 1, 1940

A man called Wendell Willkie is heard much on the radios over the entire country. He talks much but says little beyond criticism of the New Deal. Those aspects of his arguments which are clearly defined coincide with the present administration. Beyond that his line of talk appeals most to business, the "old guard" and to traditional Republicans. Of course with the latter it is a case of "whatever it is sin agin' it" if it is anything Democratic.

Nevertheless the various polls in the country are registering strong trends toward Willkie. I hate to think of the disastrous results if she is elected - but there seems a strong possibility that he will be. Roosevelt's recent campaign speeches should help him greatly.

It would seem the isolationists, the so-

called "appeasers", etc are backing Willkie strongly. Big business too of course. Roosevelt is being strongly accused of stirring up class hatred because of his references to the good that the social program of the New Deal has done for the common man.

As a statesman Willkie seems a pygmy when compared to Roosevelt. Perhaps we will realize it more clearly if he is elected.

The third term tradition is nonsence - since when were Americans bound by tradition.

Tuesday Nov 5, 1940

Tonight about 11 o'clock it became quite clear that Roosevelt will be president for the next four years. Nearly all except Mr Willkie conceded the fight. Many Republican Victory celebrations are breaking up sorrowfully tonight. I'm afraid much hard feeling will result from this.

Recently Italy attacked Greece from bases in Albania. To date they have had very little success. The news is probably not too accurate but according to greek sources the Italians are in rout at many points.

Englands air defense seems to grow with

time, not weaken. The air attacks of September & early October are lessening, but more attention is being paid to sinking British shipping. The R.A.F. is paying many social calls on german industrial plants.

The axis has tried to incorporate France into the "New Europe" but with no success yet. The plans of the French fascists seem to have snagged somewhere.

Friday Nov 29

Thanksgiving day was a cold windy day with near 10 inches of snow on the ground. An unusually warm spell; weather ended last Monday with a sharp drop of temperature to down below 20°. On Tuesday night and Wednesday a heavy snow fell and very little of any of this has melted. Today it is snowing again - a light snow which does not promise to become heavy.

On Wednesday Nov 20 I collected material for Saturday afternoon Extension course use. I noticed a number of Aster plants still flowering, also Solidago puberula. There have been no severe cold

spells since the one or ones in October. Before the present cold wave began November had a temperature excess of 75° F. the year a deficiency of 475° F.

The Greek-Italian war has produced the amazing spectacle of Greeks driving the Italians out of Greece & across Albania — the action continues. Aside from that and the British attack on the Italian naval base at Taranto Nov 11 the war news continues very depressing.

Thursday March 20, 1941

My entries in this journal are chicken tracks across the calendar. But when I read back entries I am glad they are few & far between.

The war has entered no markedly new phases. The German "menace" slowly subsides as regards opinion in this country. The passage of the much debated "Land-Lease Bill" has somewhat relieved public opinion as to the ultimate outcome of the war. Isolationist sentiment is definitely weaker but it still remains a problem as to how we can specifically do the most to help the English - i.e. to enter more actively into the war or no. As time goes on I feel more and more convinced that the Germans must

be defeated - at least Nazism, and since Nazism is the spirit behind the german war effort it seems only logical to say the germans must be defeated. What follows I cannot foresee.

The Greeks are showing themselves to be an amazing people. The Italians continue to lose in Albania. The Italians have been removed as a source of trouble in Africa.

With the coming of Spring the air war on England speeds up.

On Thursday March 13 I travelled to Amherst for an interview with President King of Amherst College and the members of the Biology Dept. I came away with the feeling that all had not gone too well. However on Tuesday March 18 Dame Fortune dropped a large plum of good fortune in my lap, with an appointment at Amherst for 1941-42. at $2000 per annum. I was rather overcome with surprise and happiness over the good turn of events.

The weather continues cold and windy. The last 4 days have been excessively uncomfortable with temperatures down to 5° and high winds. Yesterday (Tuesday) the temperature averaged 16° in Boston - 22° below normal The temperature moderates. I only hope we have

see more snow - of which some 3 or 4 inches are still on the ground in shaded locations. The ponds around Boston have scarcely begun to open and the deeper ponds still have a heavy unbroken ice cover.

Tuesday April 8, 1941

On Saturday about 11 o'clock (P.M.) the Germans began the long expected Balkan campaign, invading Greece + Jugo-slavia. Today the news is not very optimistic, with the Germans breaking through in the Greek line.

On Thursday the 3rd of April I noticed that the ponds north of Boston still had considerable ice left in them. Spring is coming late again this year. Elm trees are not yet flowering, nor Forsythia. I must keep track of these this year!

Tonight the sun sets directly over the corner of the museum. I can see it through the windows at the corner of the building. The long sunny days of spring are welcome.

Tuesday April 22, 1941

A week of summer warm weather ended yesterday and today it has become cool and dry. Sunday the temperature rose to 90° in

the early afternoon. The elm trees flowered around the 15th of the month. Forsythia was in flower a week ago. The cherry trees at the Arboretum began to blossom on Saturday the 19th. The horsechestnut tree on Oxford St is in leaf with the ~~[illegible]~~ floral racemes 3-4 inches grown already.

The woods are excessively dry and fires are burning in many parts of the state. Yesterday a fire at Marblehead destroyed 500 houses — along the beach.

The Nazi steamroller continues over Greece. The familiar story of "the British Retreat" lines the newspapers again. The germans apparently have paid very dearly in life and equipment, but they advance regardless. It now looks as though the British troops will be fortunate if they leave alive.

The German advance in Africa has not progressed in the past week. Perhaps there is a chance yet for the British to hold the eastern Mediterranean and the Suez.

The isolationists in this country become more obvious by the day. I am beginning to think that an enlightened man is one who can see even a little beyond the end of his nose.

Tuesday May 6, 1941

I became a Ph.D. today at 10 o'clock this morning. One feels scarcely different and there really isn't much to be said on the point.

This afternoon I met Larry Warner on Oxford St. He just returned from Antarctica with the Byrd Expedition. Quite some surprise after 4 years. It brings it quite clear and close to me how far away college really is. How much we have changed and yet we tell each other we are just the same — or have we changed — is it only time that passes?

Thursday May 8, 1941

A man just back from Antarctica is a jolly comrade at a party.

Yesterday I had lunch with Margaret, mother and Larry Warner on board the Byrd Expedition ship "North Star" — lying at So. Boston Army Base. It was the first time I've been aboard a ship since I came back from Cuba. I never cease to marvel why harbors and ships and docks and cargoes hold such an unquenching fascination for me.

June 29, 1941
Provincetown Mass.

This is a quiet Sunday afternoon at the Aiblie cottage. In fact the week-end has been very restful for me, with swimming; and walking over the dunes my only diversion.

Two weeks ago today I arrived here by way of the boat from Boston. Within that period of time I have gained weight, improved in health and strength, become tanned by the sun and wind, and come to a more calm and equable state of mind. To be sure all my time has not been devoted to this purpose, nor even a large fraction. But any activities surrounded by the natural beauty and restfulness of this part of the world cannot help but benefit.

More specifically I began work at the Marine Experimental Station of the Lankenau Hospital Research Inst. at No. Truro on Monday June 16. Frederick S. Hammett Ph.D. is director, and a very difficult and exasperating man - but uncannily clever and disarmingly intelligent. My work is technically very simple but actually difficult and somewhat outside my experience. It is going to the satisfaction of both of us. Comments on personalities are not to be catered to in this journal, readers of some permanent interest - and interest more general than specific in appeal. Personalities, as other experiences impress us in accordance with our

immediate feelings or (sometimes transient) prejudices. Hence an exhaustive treatment of personality one month may seem unintelligible next month. Of course this cannot be the case when fundamental ethical, moral, or intellectual concepts are antithetic. A person cannot learn tolerance or learn to feel affection for one whose deepest feelings and beliefs are antithetic to his own. But in many cases emotional reactions, or perhaps I should say aversions, vary with the degree of acquaintance. Usually toward the side of greater toleration. At least so my experience has been the last 2 weeks with the persons I work with.

Becoming a genuine summer resident of Provincetown is somewhat of an education. I have learned much of both natural events and human activities as they proceed in their unhurried and unhampered way on this end-of-the-land. First and foremost the natural events interest and intrigue me. Or are what I describe as natural events merely my own experiences. I will never answer that question because I lack sufficient persistence ~~at~~ in the necessary art of introspection.

This morning the Cape was swathed in thin haze. The fleeting shadows of high fog sped over the sand dunes. A brisk south west wind combed the crests of the gentle swells breaking on the beach of the back shore. The

sea was cold - and the tide very low. The long sandy shallows of the Peaked Hill Bars showed clearly on the shoal waters.

Yesterday a strong S.W. wind piled a fine surf on the New Beach. Swimming was difficult until the water was deep enough that the waves rode free. Caught under some of the larger waves breaking I was pummelled soundly on the beach. It was utterly impossible to stand up to the waves and most disconcerting to feel helpless to the force of tons of water breaking all about. The crests of the waves reared up many feet above my head, and crashed viciously down. I was scrubbed on the gravel and sand, pulled out again, and pounded still more. But beyond the surf it was not very difficult to swim but the drift was disconcerting - drift along the beach.

One lives close to the elements here on Cape Cod. And one learns to observe the elements perhaps more carefully than usual because the very land he is on is being relentlessly attacked and removed by the elements. When the wind blows strong the waves attack the shore and the wind attacks the dunes. The sand drifts into graceful dunes and mounds, but always some is lost. The sea devours what it tears from the land, and the wind adds to this. Only the plants bind down the dunes. And they fight a losing

battle with the wind except in favored spots. Beach grass, well established resists the most vicious attacks of the wind until it becomes undermined, and the pelting grains of sand slowly eat away the support beneath. Its long wiry rhizomes then suspend helplessly in the wind and become quite dry and brittle very shortly.

The peculiar little bogs in amongst the largest dunes are fascinating places. The ground is covered with Sphagnum, Cranberry, Orchids and numerous other bog plants. There is much of the bright green Lycopodium annotinum threaded here and there across the moist ground. That such a paradise of bog plants can live in this wilderness of sand is amazing. No less surprising is the presence of numerous mushrooms on the crest of soil on the heathery parts of the dunes. Commonly grows in clumps of Hydnum

Today thunderstorms have been progressing sluggishly around the outer shore, and now one is slowly moving across the bay. There is muffled thunder intermittently, but no no sign of an imminent storm. Last Monday night a progression of thunder storms move across from the northwest towards Race Point, swung north and then south east around the outer shore — keeping always to sea. A cold blast of air from the N.E. blew during the night and the temperature fell from the 90°'s

during the day to down in the 50°'s by next morning. Then a cold north east rain all day.

News of the world strikes a rather harsh note in Provincetown. Most persons here have come to escape from their affairs — except the towns people whose affairs are here. Hence the world is more removed from Provincetown than Provincetown is from the world.

Sunday last the Russian - german conflict began. It still continues with great fierceity. No important results have yet been communicated by either side. It seems difficult to believe that the Russians will resist successfully, yet also difficult to believe that Russia can be readily over run. But speculation is perhaps more futile in this war than in any other war which has ever been fought.

Yesterday I received my informal announcement of position in the Selective Service Draft — Class I.

Fred received a months position in Washington this week — War Research Information Bureau.

Temperature rose to 96.3° F in Boston Friday. Here it barely reached 75°.

June 30, 1941 - Monday

A rather large celebration in terms of relative importance — my birthday.

Thursday, Aug 7, 1941 Provincetown.

Despite all good intentions it seems impossible to maintain a journal on even a weekly basis. Perhaps it is just as well because somehow the writings of even a month ago seem somewhat puerile, and the less of them the better.

My stay in Provincetown is drawing to a close and I have mingled feelings about leaving. As a geographical phenomenon, Provincetown will never lose its charm, but as a social institution it quickly pales.

Marriage licence arrived yesterday from Cambridge. Soon the big day will come. It will never cease to wonder that I should be married within a few weeks of the time I had planned even before I met my wife to be. It seems years ago now that I thought of these things to come and hoped that all might go as it really has. I shall always be grateful to that impersonal fate that exists only in the mind. Perhaps if a thing exists only in the mind it doesn't exist at all.

August 30, 1941

Margaret and I arrived at our little house on the outskirts of Amherst shortly before midnight last night. To our amusement, amazement and annoyance the dog key we had

would not open the front door or any other door. So we very realistically broke into our house through a window. It was a cold reception for the end of a honeymoon. The night was cold too. Our fireplace seemed a good solution to that problem, but one try was enough to discourage that. Our evil genius was with us. The fireplace smoked furiously. Hopefully I opened the neglected damper. No use. I was puzzled and a bit discouraged until I thought of the chimney pot. Sure enough, safely out of reach was the cause of our murky misery.

Today I lost my wallet - probably while digging up a few trees to bring home - in the white Mountains. We went back nearly a hundred miles to recover it. I think it lies on the mouldy floor of the woods near the highest part of Jefferson notch. Perhaps some one will find it years hence - a wad of rotted leather and decayed papers. There were thirteen dollars in it and many papers.

Margaret and I were married in the Church of St Mary of the Harbor about 4 o'clock in the afternoon Aug 16. It was ~~the~~ a cloudy day - but the brightest in many years despite the darkness. We have been gone now for two weeks - in the Adirondacks and white Mountains. I have not seen the Adirondacks for many years and they are more beautiful than ever. There is something lonely and grand about those forested mountains that

~~would~~ makes one think about ages gone and ages to come. Time on a grander scale.

September 3, 1941

On the first we travelled to Boston and Cambridge. My mother and brother are leaving for Washington today. It was my last look at the Cambridge apartment on 123 Oxford St. The years in graduate school seemed suddenly telescoped into a few sharp memories. The past is bettered measured in memories than in years.

September 19, 1941

After much preparation and needless fretting I have my first two lectures this year. My class is small but so much the better for one just beginning to teach on his own. I think you can't lecture from memory - but must engage your thoughts as you go.

December 8, 1941

Today the country declared war on Japan, after the attack on Pearl Harbor. How much consternation will follow is hard to judge. The students here are very restless and I had to dismiss my class today.

The inevitable has happened so I suppose we should not be surprised. Feeling is very high against the Japanese particularly since peace talks were going on even while the Japs

were bombing Pearl Harbor yesterday. The damage at the Hawaii base is not known to the public but it must be great. Our ever confident navy will have much to live down in the years to come.

There is a feeling very widespread that the Japanese are committing political "hari-kari" by attacking us at this time, when the German armies are on the run in Russia. Time will tell.

The country has suddenly become united, isolationists are no more.

The news from Russia is most encouraging, with the German agent on the Moscow front turning into what the Russians call a rout. It seems incredible that the Germans are really up against empirority - but perhaps it is true. Time also will tell us that.

Dec 18, 1941

College will formally close May 19 this year, with Commencement day on that date. The college will suffer much from the conditions imposed by the war.

I wonder what security I have or will have in the future - even next year?

The war is going badly against us in the far East. The Philippines are probably not for us for long.

I think the damage at Hawaii was more by

far than the navy admitted.

Dec 26, 1941

Yesterday was one of these rare days of complete contentment, peace and happiness. The Christmas spirit does not reach for these days, but there are islands in every sea no matter how restless it is.

Margaret and I went to the top of Mt Lincoln yesterday and from the windy hilltop watched the sun set over the Holyoke Range and the hills beyond the Connecticut River. Mt Monadnock was a little smudge of blue on the horizon to the north east.

This peaceful valley seems far removed from war and how I wish it really were.

Jan 3, 1942

The new year has suddenly appeared on the calendar. The Christmas vacation ends tomorrow and with it perhaps the last vacation for many months.

April 6. 1942

We are back from South Groveland tonight. I wonder how many more trips to Cambridge and old friends will be possible these coming months or years.

No news – soon perhaps no news. A little news of victory, only a little, would perhaps repay

a good many starters.
The research grant received in Mass will be hard to expend if travelling is curtailed

May 10, 1942

Provincetown, Mass.

Yesterdays journey down here seemed long and monotonous. A 40 mile speed limit brings 200 miles to a long days drive.

Low grey clouds combed the sky all day but the sun broke through on the barren hills and dunes on the end of the cape late in the afternoon.

It is hard to write impressions of Cape Cod since they inevitably seem hackneyed. But cold grey days on this barren tip of land are scarcely hackneyed in writing or in memory.

But on the Truro hills, with the sandy bluff dropping to the beach, it seemed the epitome of loneliness, what with the raw cold wind and the deserted beach.

There are war times indeed, but the grim doings on the inhospitable waters around this sandy shore make the slender thread of land seem more secure than ever before.

The war has brought a few major changes to Provincetown and many minor ones. It is difficult to decide whether the night-light restrictions are major or minor. Driving a car at night is

a major event regardless. The only compensation is the absence of blinding headlights ahead.

Tonight there is a fresh northerly wind and it is quite cold and clear. The surf is snarling and roaring on the back shore but here it is a monotonous intermittent roar. Window panes rattle and the wind sets up a hundred little noises. There is hardly a sound or a light from the town. The moon and the night look down on the restless shore. But we are the only ones who see.

March 1, 1944 Wednesday
10 PM

Now on train to Washington for appointment tomorrow morning for a position in the Office of Field Service of the Office of Scientific Research and Development.

Last Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock I was informed by the president of the college that my draft reclassification to 1A had come to the college. In the morning mail I received the same information by card for local board #47 in Cambridge.

The draft case had been appealed and rejected by the Presidential Board in Washington. The appeal was made by the State board and the entire proceedings were not known to me or the college until the final decision. I had previously been placed in class 2A until June 16, 1944. being deferred Dec 16 for teaching soldiers in the Army Specialized Training Program.

On Wednesday I explored the possibilities of change in draft status under the present occupational position by calling Major Dessel of Boston. There is no recourse without change of occupational activity. It was necessary to act quickly.

The president of the college received a form letter on Wednesday Feb 23 under Karl Compton's office at MIT regarding limited appointments in the OFS

of the O.S.R.D. Dean Bunker of MIT the consultant. I got a letter to Dean Bunker, whom I knew by correspondence with the grants Committee of the Amer. Acad Arts & Sciences.

Left Amherst on Thursday AM at 6:20. got the 6:45 (which was overdue) at Springfield and arrived at So. Station at 10:00. Called Dean Bunker directly. He had just written me requesting consultation on same job as I had gone to Boston to see him for! Curiously coincidental.

Saw Bunker at lunch. Had lunch with him. Position is Field consultant on problems of fungal decay & mildew in the S.W. Pacific theatre of war. A travelling job immediately to develop. Bunker decided to accept and push the appointment through in Wash. Pres Karl Compton [illegible] & called [illegible].

Army clearance papers were not available. Had filed same & was cleared last April. Records at Amherst had been destroyed. No record at 1st Service Command. Only record of same at Sage Field Greensboro N.C. Teletype from there showed records in transit to St Louis.

Special investigation by army intell. cleared me on Monday Feb 28. News of clearance went direct to Col Monot of Quartermaster Corps in Wash. Col Monot not available by telephone on Mon night.

On Tuesday AM ~~Feb~~ 29 received papers from draft board requesting appearance for pre-induction physical exam in Cambridge Mass.
Had this transferred to Ware draft board for March 23.
Called Director & told him of draft board action. News of this sent to Wash.

At 7:00 PM Tuesday night Feb 29 phone director called from Cambridge & informed me to take train to Wash and go to OFS office at 1737 N St to take orders for immediate service with OFS.

Had to clean up all affairs at Amherst today - no time to clean up experiments. Sent cultures to Luder today.

This AM President King called me in to office & gave me letter advising of appointment as Asst Professorship. Salary at $3000 This at recommendation of committee of Trs.

I leave Amherst in high spirits and with warm feeling for Amherst College. I want to come back to the college hill not only to my home and my wife and boy but also to my work and the good friends who have helped me in all ways I could hope for the past days.
The last seven days have been the

shortest, the most exciting and the most pertinent to me for the future. I leave to come back to something I built and worked for these three years just passed. These years so long & varied and uncertain. They are very much of the past now and I look forward to new duties of far different challenges and meaning to me.

March 2 - 44

Signed contract with OFS today. Had been requested by name by Col G.F. Doriot of Research & Development Branch of the Off. Quartermaster General as consultant on problems of tropical deterioration.

Deferment papers filed today.

Dinner at O'Donnells tonight.

March 3 44

OQMG today. Must confess great confusion ~~as~~ reaction to office or offices.

The Rest Devel. Branch is very impressive as far as contribution to Quartermaster activities are concerned. Here have been ~~and~~ developed the new types of personal equipment etc used by the army.

Dr. Gustus (Edwin S.) took me around to various persons, sections of R + D. and

made the supernumerary introductions et al. Remarkable person Just us. Seems a high pressure wind bag but is not apparently. Will form surer judgment later.

Col. Doriot (Georges F.) very cordial. Appears to be very astute person. Remarkably quick mind in grasping essentials - seems to pay no attention to details.

March 4, 44

Another day of orientation in OQMG. I seem to be sentenced to an office job and hope it is only temporary. Have already found no adequate reports from the field are available here. Australian Mycological commission report the only one. No doubt conditions are bad in the SWP but no one seems to have past hand information.

Met Col Garner (H.A.) today. Has been in Australia & SWP for two years. Has much information to offer on field conditions. Col. G is a genial and friendly old soul.

March 6 - 10

Boston and Cambridge the past 4 days. Took Dept Pre induction physical exam ~~tests~~ on the 9th. Passed for General Service - 1-A. Blood pressure a bit high and vision myopic astigmatic. Finally secured passage to visit CWS laboratory in Cambridge. Lawrence White is the only

mycologically trained person in this laboratory. This lab constitutes the entire effort of the CWS on tropical deterioration program. Pure culture methods only are used. Some collection of New Guinea fungi – do not seem particularly interesting. Probably represent only surface growth inoculations. 60% are Penicillium 20% Mucorales.

Dr Weston comes to Cambridge as consultant to Quartermaster Corps on March 9.

March 11 44

Dr Weston and I are hard at work on plans for developing Quartermaster activities on tropic proofing. Plan a 4 point program

1. Field Measures
2. Cultures + Specimens from Field
3. Domestic Mycological Research Lab.
4. Field Mission and Scientific Group for Field Problems, data etc.

These plans will take much pushing to expedite

March 15 44

Technical Bulletin for field preventive measures has been tentatively developed. Cartoons for demonstrating action of fungi prepared as major part of text material in the Technical Bulletin.

No good chemical inhibitor can be specified

for field treatment at present. Not wise to advocate copper naphthenate in gasoline – too much fire risk. Also leaded gasoline bad.

Cop. naphthenate water emulsion may not penetrate fabric finish on Tents or shelter tent duck.

March 20

Dr Weston & I leave for Jeffersonville Ind. to survey lab facilities for establishing a QM experimental laboratory there.

Trip out by C & O RR through southern W. Virginia & central Ky. Ice and sleet part of way. Country West of the Blue Ridge reminiscent of the years gone by when I lived in Ohio and travelled in Ky and SW Ohio.

Jeffersonville QM Depot a huge place. Very new up to date testing laboratories recently completed (1942)

General impression of Jeffersonville not too favorable as to personnel. Seems provincial but may be merely prejudice from living in the east.

Construction of a laboratory here will require building as well as personnel.

March 22

Beltsville Md. today – Bureau of Plant Industry. A group of 6 or 7 working here on

fungicide evaluation. No experimental work on new developments of fungicides or methods of application or analytic study of materials to determine sequence of changes. Chiefly a testing program on large scale. The experimental work devoted chiefly to biochemical & physiological analysis of test procedures.

March 28

Today the first meeting of the NDRC-Army Navy Project AN-14 Steering Committee was held.

April 11

Meeting of the Steering committee with the War, Navy & other Dept liaison officers held at the Navy Dept. This meeting outlined the general scope of the Tropical Deterioration project

I discovered to my surprise that the conference room was Admiral Kings private Conference Room The Pacific campaigns were largely decided here as to naval operational details I am told

On the 8th Weston & I visited Philadelphia. The QM Depot there is like a small, modern city. 10,000 persons work in it. It is fine new and modern in every way. The facilities for the QM Tropical

Deterioration Laboratory are here. The laboratory will be recommended for establishment here. The available space is on the seventh floor of the Tower building - a lofty ~~one~~ and secluded spot open to ~~all four directions~~. North East South and West

July 1, 1944

It would be difficult to chronicle the succession of events of the past three months. The Tropical Deterioration project has grown both in scope and most certainly in complexity. The problems here in Washington continue to be more and more operational and organizational.

Among the original plans for NDRC action on the problem was that of sending a group of scientists to the SWP for field study and analysis of the deterioration problems. This plan was variously taken up, argued and struggled over and finally the personnel were selected at the Steering Committee meeting of May 10. The plan ~~was~~ as decided upon is to send 5 civilian scientists and 2 officers each from the Army and Navy.

This plan for the Mission was drawn up in a letter to Dr Compton and

submitted for action by the Office of Field Service.

On May 17 the plan was discussed with Col. Lane of Maj. Gen Henry's office (War Developments Division of G S C) and endorsed.

Accordingly the Steering Committee letter to Dr Compton was sent with letter of explanation from Dr Compton to Dr Harrison in Australia (G H Q at Brisbane).

No reply was received from Dr. Harrison until June 14 when the favorable reaction of the Theatre Command arrived informally in a report from Dr Harrison. The NDD then cabled to Australia establishing the Mission here and requesting air priority for the transit of the group. No formal statement has yet been received on this request although a cable recently arrived (June 28) established air priority for L. A. Chambers who is preceding the group as a civilian representative for exchange with an Australian representative coming to US to survey tropic proofing programs here.

On May 23, after some ~~considerable~~ correspondence and considerable time I was formally transferred in assignment from the QMC to Dr Eisenlohr, Chairman of the Steering Committee to act as executive assistant for the chairman. This change

involves many new problems, much more direct responsibility and a much broader outlook on the entire deterioration problem.

From May 5 or earlier have been spending two or three days a week at 1530 "P" St. ~~Now~~ From May 17 on ~~nearly all the week days~~ ~~we~~ most of the time at this office. On June 23 the headquarters moved to 720 - 20th St NW - third floor - George Washington University Law School Bldg.

Moving from OSRD to 720 - 20th ~~my~~ involved travelling over in the OEM truck owing to the necessity of having a authorized person accompanying classified papers.

The new offices are light and airy and pleasant. There is a grievous lack of telephone service as yet.

The Sea and the Shore - Marmar
Fundamental basis of marriage. adjustment of outlook to the mature approach.

Floods of Spring - Henry Bellaman
Individual struggle, self centered, almost fanatical misanthropic individualist with his family and with his fellow man. Setting in the bottom lands of the Mississippi R.

Crystal Age - H Hudson
a fantasy, The future. Somber essentially unreal. Not a nature as such, it?

Look to the Mountain - Legrand Cannon
settlement setting - N. Eng. pioneer.

Windswept - Mary Ellen Chase

The Sea Hawk - Sabatini

II Hesperornis
no flight — teeth in jaw, poorly developed wings.
III Ichthyornis

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5. Neanderthal Man
Homo Neanderthalensis
Found in Germany - numerous remains
25,000 - 75,000 yrs ago - during last glacial period.
Found also in Asia + Africa
a. Tools + food found buried with remains. used fire
b. short + stocky (5'4")
c. legs bent forward at knees
d. skull low, receding forehead prominent brow ridge - from temple to temple
e. nose broad + flat, receding chin

6. Cro-magnon Man
Homo sapiens.
Contemporary in part with Neanderthal Man.
Lived in post-glacial period.
a. high forehead
b. high stature avg. over 6'
c. high + broad cheek bones similar to Indians + eskimo.

load line marks
displacement
measurement for tonnage

Tonnage of a ship

1. gross tonnage
   obtained by dividing by 100 the whole interior capacity (expressed in cubic feet) of the hull of the ship and all enclosed deck houses.
   This method is based on the assumption that the average cargo occupies 100 cubic feet per ton.

2. net tonnage
   derived from gross by deducting all space not used or capable of being used for cargo or passengers.

3. dead weight tonnage
   actual weight of cargo a vessel can carry without immersing her too deeply for safety.

4. displacement tonnage
   weight of ship and cargo or contents when immersed to a certain depth (Plimsoll mark for merchant ships

For merchant vessels of ordinary type the displacement tonnage is the greatest gross next, then net. Dead weight

carrying capacity is always greater than net tonnage and usually greater than gross tonnage, but less than full load displacement.

Load line marks

Plimsoll mark named after Samuel Plimsoll whose act in Parliament became a law in 1876

Abbreviations used:

F.W. - fresh water

I.S. - Indian ocean in summer

S - summer

W - winter

W.N.A. - winter North Atlantic

The line which passes through the center of the circle is the permitted free board in salt water in summer time